



*Scrope Berdmore, S.T.P.
Coll. Mert. Custos.
1700.*



*Henry C. Compton Esq.^r
Manor House, Syndhurst.*

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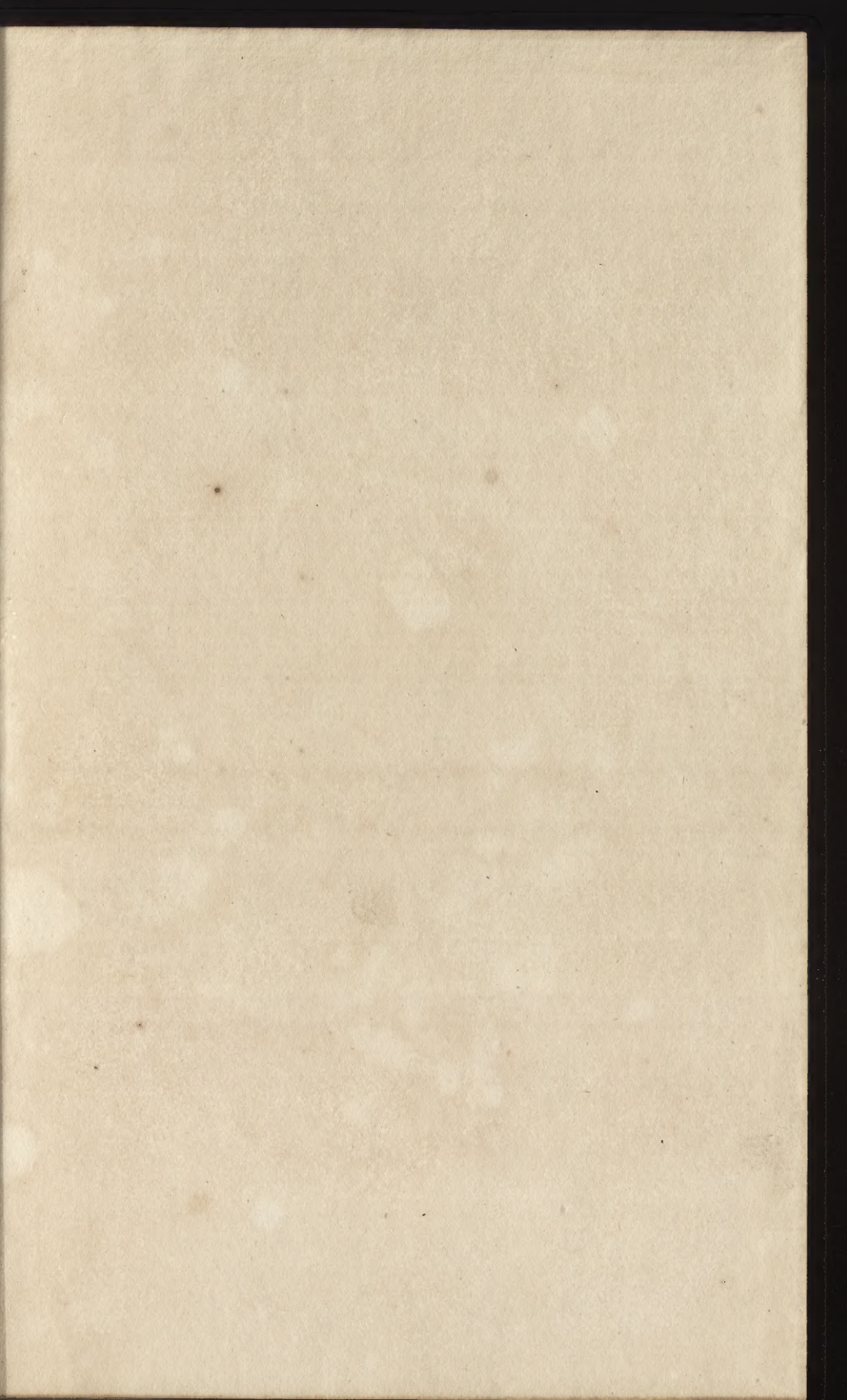
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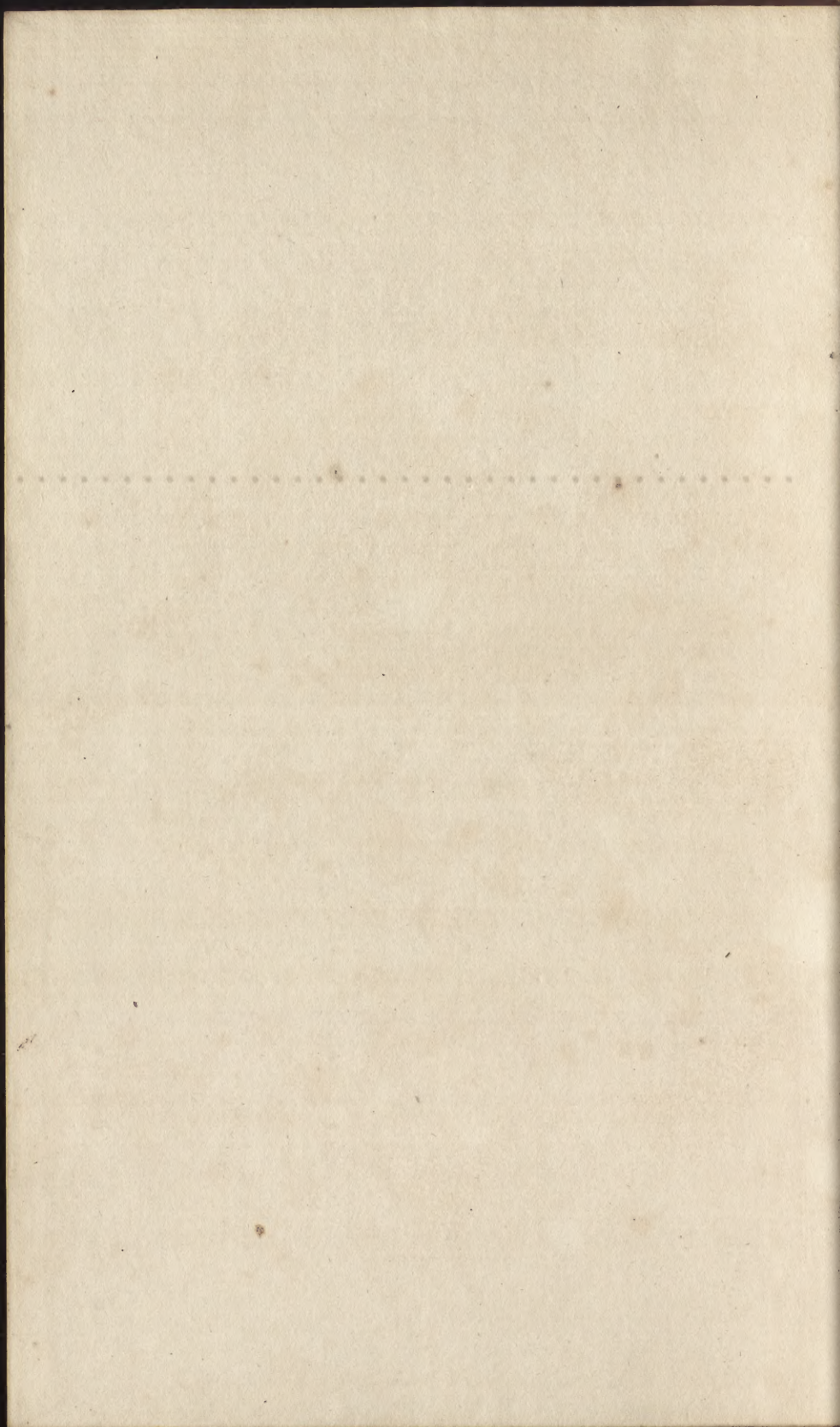
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Vol 2. $\frac{11}{4}$









OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

MOUNTAINS, AND LAKES

OF

Cumberland, and Westmoreland.

OBSTINATE

ON THE

MOUNTAIN

CHURCH

OBSERVATIONS,
RELATIVE CHIEFLY TO
PICTURESQUE BEAUTY,
Made in the YEAR 1772,
On several PARTS of ENGLAND;
PARTICULARLY THE
MOUNTAINS, AND LAKES
O F
CUMBERLAND, AND WESTMORELAND.

V O L. I.

By WILLIAM GILPIN, M. A.

PREBENDARY OF SALISBURY;

A N D

VICAR OF BOLDRE, IN NEW-FOREST, NEAR LYMINGTON.

L O N D O N;
PRINTED FOR R. BLAMIRE, STRAND.

M.DCC.LXXXVI.

OBSERVATIONS

RELATIVE CHIEFLY TO

PICTURESQUE BEAUTY

Made in the Year 1775

ON SEVERAL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY

MOUNTAINS AND LAKE

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORLAND

VOLUME I

BY WILLIAM GIFFORD, M.A.

PROFESSOR OF NATURAL HISTORY

AND

VICAR OF HOLDSWORTH, IN THE COUNTY OF WESTMORLAND

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR A. BECKET, ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD

MDCCLXXV

Q U E E N.

AS your Majesty condescend-
ed to look into the following papers,
when they were in manuscript; I
hoped You would not think it pre-
sumption in me to ask your royal
permission to present them to You
in their more improved state: and
it gave me peculiar pleasure to ask
this permission through the media-
tion of a Lady, whose very respect-
able

able character, and revered age (then bowing under one of the severest of God's dispensations) the King and your Majesty took under your protection; and with an amiable attention, perhaps unequalled in the annals of royalty, have made that protection much less valuable, even in it's bounty, than in that easy grace, which accompanies it; and which, in the same moment, confers, and annihilates, the obligation.

That your Majesties may be long preserved to enjoy the elegant amusement of the polite arts, which You are so ready to encourage; and the
heart-

heart-felt satisfaction of the sublimest
virtues, which You thus exemplify,
is the sincere prayer of,

M A D A M,

Your MAJESTY's most respectful,

most obedient,

and very humble servant,

WILLIAM GILPIN.

1871

Received of the
Hon. Secy of the Navy
the sum of \$1000.00
for the purchase of
the ship "Albatross"

Wm. A. Rorer
Comdr. U. S. S. "Albatross"

Received of the
Hon. Secy of the Navy
the sum of \$1000.00
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P R E F A C E.

THE following observations on various scenes of English landscape, were written about thirteen years ago. They were at first thrown together, warm from the subject, each evening, after the scene of the day had been presented; and in a moment of more leisure, were corrected, and put into form—but merely for the amusement of the writer himself; who had not, in truth, at that time, the least idea of their being able to furnish amusement to any body else. A few only of his friends saw them. One of them however

saw them with so partial an eye, that he thought proper to mention them to the public*. This raised the curiosity of many; and laid the author under the necessity of producing his papers to a wider circle: but still without any design of publishing them. A sense of their imperfections; and of the many difficulties, in which such a work, would engage him, prevented any intention of that kind.

Among others, who desired to see them, was the late duchess dowager of Portland; a lady, of whose superior character the world is well informed. Having seen them soon after they were written, and a second time after an interval of seven, or eight years, her Grace pressed the author to print them; most obligingly offering to facilitate an expensive publication by contributing largely to a subscription. Tho the author chose to decline that mode of publication, yet the duchess's persuasion was among his principal inducements to prepare his papers

* Mafon's memoirs of Gray, p. 377.

for the public. The press-work was about half completed at the time of her Grace's death.

But tho this work hath been thus flattered; and hath received considerable improvements, both from the author himself, during the many years it has lain by him; and from several of his ingenious friends; yet still he offers it to the public with apprehension.

His apprehension is first grounded on the inadequate time he had to employ in making observations on the several landscapes he has described. No one can paint a country properly, unless he hath seen it in various lights. The following descriptions are faithful copies, it is hoped, of each scene, under the circumstances, in which it appeared, at the time it was described. But he, who should see any one scene, as it is differently affected by a lowering sky, or a bright one, might probably

see two very different landscapes. He might not only see distances blotted out; or splendidly exhibited: but he might even see variations produced in the very objects themselves; and that merely from the different times of the day, in which they were examined. The summit of a mountain, for instance, which in a morning appears round, may discover, when enlightened by an evening ray, a double top. Rocks, and woods take different shapes from the different directions of light; while the hues and tints of objects (on which their effect, in a great measure, depends) are continually changing. Nay we sometimes see (in a mountainous country especially) a variation of light alter the whole disposition of a landscape. In a warm sunshine the purple hills may skirt the horizon, and appear broken into numberless pleasing forms: but under a fullen sky a total change may be produced: the distant mountains, and all their beautiful projections may disappear, and their place be occupied by a dead flat.

flat. All the author could do to obviate difficulties of this kind, was to specify in general, under what kind of light and weather, the several landscapes he saw, were exhibited.

In his views of lake-scenery indeed (which form the principal part of the following work) he has less cause to fear; and offers his observations with more confidence. Among these scenes he rested some time: and tho he saw each scene but once; yet as he spent near a week among them, he saw so much of their varieties, that he could make allowances for the effects of light and weather; and could speak of them, in general, with more precision.

He is under another apprehension from the variations, which *time*, as well as *weather*, produces in scenery. Even the wild features of nature suffer continual change from various causes—inclosures—canals—quarries—buildings—and, above all, from the growth, or de-

destruction, of timber. And if the wild scenes of nature suffer change; how much more may we expect to observe it in the improvement of particular places, which are professedly altering with the taste, or fancy of their owners? Few of these scenes continue long the same. The growth of trees, and shrubs is continually making changes in them, even in a natural course. It is probable therefore, that many of the embellished scenes, described in the following work, are now totally changed; and that the author hath rather exhibited a history of the past, than a representation of the present. Thirteen, or fourteen years bring a shrub to perfection. After that period, if the knife be not freely used, a shrubbery, from mere natural causes, will of itself decay.

Lake-scenery, it is true, is less subject to change. The broader the features are, the less they will vary. Water, which makes the grand part of this kind of scenery, remains unaltered by time: and the rocks, and mountains, which environ the lake, are as little subject to variation,

variation, as any of the materials of landscape can be. Wood is the only feature, which can have suffered any considerable change. In this indeed great devastation hath been made in several of the northern lakes, especially in that of Kefwick.

Those beautiful scenes produced formerly great quantities of valuable timber; which adorned the banks of the lake, and enriched it's lofty skreens. But after the rebellion of the year 1715; these lands, together with all the other estates of the unfortunate earl of Derwentwater, were forfeited to the crown; and were given by George I. to increase the endowment of Greenwich-hospital; the trustees of which immediately sold, and cut down, almost all the timber.

Before this depredation, the lake of Kefwick was a glorious scene. No one however now remembers it in it's splendor. Since that time it hath suffered little change. Yet some it hath suffered. Two woods, neither of them inconsiderable, on the two opposite sides of the lake,

lake, one belonging to the Derwentwater estate, the other to lord Egremont, have been destroyed. The author uses the word *destroyed*, because of the barbarous method of cutting timber, which prevails in the northern counties. In the south of England the proprietor sends an experienced surveyor into his woods, who marks such timber as is fit for the axe; leaving all the young thriving trees behind. The wood therefore, if fenced, soon rears again its ancient honours, and becomes a perennial nursery. In the north it is otherwise. There the merchant agrees for the wood altogether as it stands; and the proprietor, for the sake of a present advantage, suffers him to lay the whole flat. Nothing but a copse springs up in its room; and all succession of timber is prevented. This hath operated, among other causes, in the general destruction of timber in the northern counties.

The author believes the lake of Keswick hath suffered these two last mentioned depredations since the following remarks were made:
but

but as he is informed the underwood hath increased considerably, and hath in many parts added some degree of richness to the mountains, and promontaries around the lake; he is not apprehensive, that any changes, in so short an interval, can in any material way affect his descriptions. It is true, there will ever be a great difference between the grandeur of a wood, and the poverty of a copse; and *on the spot* it will be evident enough: but in all the *distances* of these extensive views, it will not so easily be observed.

Another ground of the author's apprehension, is, that he may be thought too severe in his strictures *on scenes of art*. The grand natural scene, will always appear so superior to the embellished artificial one; that the picturesque eye in contemplating the former, will be too apt to look contemptuously on the latter. This is just as arrogant, as to despise a propriety, because it cannot be classed with
a car-

a cardinal virtue. Each mode of scenery hath it's station. A wild forest scene contiguous to a noble mansion, would be just as absurd; as an embellished one, in the midst of a forest.

A house is an *artificial* object; and the scenery around it, *must*, in some degree, partake of *art*. Propriety requires it: convenience demands it. But if it partake of *art*, as allied to the *mansion*; it should also partake of *nature*, as allied to the *country*. It has therefore two characters to support; and may be considered as the connecting thread between the regularity of the house, and the freedom of the natural scene. These two characters it should ever have in view.

Under this regulation, the business of the embellished scene, is to make every thing convenient, and comfortable around the house—to remove offensive objects, and to add a pleasing foreground to the distance. If there be no distance, it must depend the more on it's own beauties. But still, in every circumstance, it must well observe it's double character;
and

and discover as much of the simplicity of nature, as is consistent with it's artificial alliance. If the scene be large, it throws off art, by degrees, the more it recedes from the mansion, and approaches the country.

It is true, we cannot well admit the embellished scene among objects *purely picturesque*. It is too trim, and neat for the pencil; which ever delights in the bold, free, negligent strokes, and roughnesses of nature—abhorring, in it's wild fallies, the least intrusion of art—or however allowing only the admission of such objects, as have about them the carelessness, the simplicity, and the freedom of nature. Such in a particular manner are ruins. Objects indeed of a more formal kind, as buildings, and shipping, are suffered—sometimes for the sake of contrast—and sometimes for the pleasing ideas they excite: but as objects of picturesque beauty, we utterly reject them, till they have deposited all their square formalities. The building must be thrown into perspective; the ship foreshortened, and it's sails varied, before they must

must presume to attract the notice of the picturesque eye.

The embellished scene hath still more of this formal mixture. But tho' it is not enough marked with the bold, free characters of nature, to be purely picturesque; it is still, under it's proper regulations, a very beautiful species of landscape. It hath beauties peculiar to itself; and if it astonish us not with grandeur, and sublimity; it pleases with symmetry, and elegance.

In the body of his book, the author hath ventured to call the *embellished scene*, one of the peculiar features of English landscape*. But we must still lament, that this beautiful mode of composition, is oftener aimed at, than attained. It's double alliance with art, and nature, is rarely observed with perfect impartiality. Ambitious ornaments generally take the lead; and nature is left behind.

* See page 9.

Where little improprieties offend, they are readily passed over. But where the offence against nature becomes capital, it is not easy to repress indignation.

In so extensive a tour as the following pages contain, it must be supposed, that a variety of very disgusting scenes of this kind would occur—scenes, in which nature was forced—in which she was arrayed in alien beauties—or overloaded with tawdry ornaments. In truth, such scenes often did occur. But the author, however severe he may be thought, hath endeavoured to proceed on principles, which he hoped could not reasonably give offence. He studiously checked all severity of criticism, where the improver *still enjoyed his scene*. It would have hurt him to have disturbed the *innocent*, (tho perhaps *tasteless*,) amusements of any one. Tho he should not have chosen to speak sentiments not his own: yet he could always be silent; or look aside, where he did not wish to examine. But where the improver of the scene was dead, especially when his works were

c *published,*

published, by being thrown open to curiosity; the author thought himself at perfect liberty. All such scenes he considered as fair game. He hath without scruple therefore remarked freely upon them; and hath endeavoured to point out the many strange errors, and absurdities, to which an inattention to nature hath given birth:

———— quorum, velut agri somnia, vanæ
 Finguntur species: ut nec pes, nec caput uni
 Reddatur formæ————

But even here he hath avoided *all general, unmarked censure*, which he considers as the garb of *slander*. He hath always accompanied his *criticisms* with *reasons*; and if the reason have no force, the criticism falls of course.

It may be objected perhaps, that the author hath wrought up many of his descriptions, in the following work, higher, than the simplicity of prosaic language may allow. Simplicity, no doubt, is the foundation of beauty in every
 species

species of composition: but the simplicity of a familiar letter differs from the simplicity of history; and the simplicity of a poem, from the simplicity of both—that is, one work may be more highly coloured than another; and wrought up with warmer language, and a greater variety of images. Now the following work, at least the descriptive parts of it, approach as near the idea of poetic composition, as any kind of prosaic writing can do. It is the aim of *picturesque description* to bring the images of nature, as forcibly, and as closely to the eye, as it can; and this must often be done by high-colouring; which this species of composition demands. By *high-colouring* is not meant *a string of rapturous epithets*, (which is the feeblest mode of description) but an attempt to analyze the views of nature—to open their several parts, in order to shew the effect of a whole—to mark their tints, and varied lights—and to express all this detail in terms as appropriate, and yet as vivid, as possible. In attempting this, if the language be *forced*, and *inflated*, no doubt

it is the just object of criticism: but if, tho highly coloured, it keep within the

Descriptas vices, operisque colores,

it may be hoped, it will escape censure.

The author fears too, he may be called on to apologize for the many digressions he hath made. But if in this point he hath erred; he hath erred with his best judgment. Whether his work be considered as didactic, or descriptive (as in fact it is intended to be a species between both) he thought it wanted some little occasional relief. Travelling continually among rocks, and mountains; hills, and vallies; and remarking upon them, he feared might be tedious: and therefore, when any observations, anecdote, or history, grew naturally from his subject, he was glad to take the advantage of it; and draw the reader a little aside, that he might return to the principal object with less satiety. This too is poetic licence. What in
argu-

argument would be absurd ; in works of amusement may be necessary. If any of these digressions however should appear forced—out of place—or unconnected with the subject ; for *them* he wishes to apologize.

The author hopes no one will be so severe, as to think a work of this kind (tho a work only of amusement) inconsistent with the profession of a clergyman. He means not to address himself to the lax notions of the age ; to which he is no way apprehensive of giving offence : but he should be sorry to hurt the feelings of the most serious. How far field sports, and a variety of other diversions, which may be proper in some stations, are quite agreeable to the clerical one, is a subject he means not to discuss : Yet surely the study of nature, in every shape, is allowable ; and affords amusement, which the severest cannot well reprehend—the study of the heavens—of the earth—of the field—of the garden, it's productions,

C. 3 fruits,

fruits, and flowers—of the bowels of the earth, containing such amazing stores of curiosity—and of animal life, through all it's astonishing varieties, even to the shell, and the insect. Among these objects of rational amusement, may we not enumerate also the beautiful appearances of the face of nature?

The ground indeed, which the author hath taken, that of examining landscape by the *rules of picturesque beauty*, seems rather a deviation from *nature* to *art*. Yet, in fact, it is not so: for the *rules of picturesque beauty*, we know, are drawn from *nature*: so that to examine the face of nature by these rules, is no more than to examine nature by her own most beautiful exertions. Thus Shakespear:

There is an art,
Which does mend Nature—change it rather: but
That art itself is Nature—

The author however hopes, he should not greatly err, if he allowed also the amusements furnished by the three sister-arts, to be all very consistent with the strictest rules of the clerical profession. The only danger is, lest the *amusement*

ment

ment—the fascinating amusement—should press on improperly, and interfere too much with the *employment*.

In a little work of the picturesque kind*, which the author printed about three years ago, he gave several drawings under the character of *portraits*; rather induced by the partiality of his friends, than his own judgment. He was sensible, that sketches taken in the hasty manner, in which those were taken, could not pretend to the accuracy necessary in portrait. He endeavoured however to guard his readers against considering them as such, by saying, they meant only to give some idea of the general effect of a scene; but in no degree to mark the several picturesque, and ornamental particulars, of which it is composed. But he himself thought; and so, he doubts not, did the public, that this was an insufficient apology: for they were

* Observations on the River Wye and several parts of South Wales.

certainly not accurate enough to give even the *general effect of a scene*.

In the drawings presented in this work, he hath followed more his own judgment. Except a few, he hath given nothing, that pretends to the name of *portrait*; sensible, that the hasty drawings he made in this tour, (which were certainly made without any intention of publication,) did not deserve it. Indeed Mr. Farington's prints render any other *portraits* of the lakes unnecessary. They are by far, in the author's opinion, the most accurate, and beautiful views of that romantic country, which he hath seen. The fall of Lodoar; and the view of Derwentwater, with the mountain of Skiddaw as a back-ground, from Brandelow woods, are particularly fine.—The principal drawings which are preserved in the following work, are of two kinds.

One kind is meant to *illustrate and explain picturesque ideas*. This indeed may be considered among the most useful aids of the pencil. *Intellectual ideas* it cannot reach: but
picstu-

picturesque ideas are all cloathed in *bodily forms*; and may often be explained better by a few strokes of the pencil, than by a volume of the most laboured description.

The other sort of drawings is meant to *characterize the countries*, through which the reader is carried. The ideas are taken from the *general face of the country*; not from any *particular scene*. And indeed this may perhaps be the most useful way of conveying local ideas. For a *portrait* characterizes only a *single spot*. The idea must be relinquished, as soon as the place is passed. But such imaginary views as give a *general idea of a country*, spread themselves more diffusely; and are carried, in the reader's imagination, through the *whole description*.

But whatever becomes of their *utility*, they are beyond all doubt, the *most picturesque* kind of drawings. Portraits may be faithful: but they are rarely in every part beautiful. The distance may be fine—the ruin may be elegant; yet will there always be some awkwardness, in

one

one part or other, which you would wish to remove. But truth forbids. If you are determined to call nothing a *portrait*, but what is *exactly* copied from nature, you must take it as it is; good and bad; and make the best of it.

The fact is, you may often find a *beautiful distance*. Remote objects, tho sometimes awkward, do not always strike the eye with their awkwardnesses. The obscurity, occasioned by the intervening medium, softens each line, or tint, that is harsh, or discordant. But as the landscape *advances on the eye*, the deformity grows more apparent; and on the *fore-ground*, objects are so magnified, that it is very rare indeed, if they do not in some part, offend. Their features become then so strong, that if they be not beautiful, they are disgusting.

On the other hand, he who works *from imagination*—that is, he who culls from nature the most beautiful parts of her productions—a *distance* here; and there a *fore-ground*—combines them artificially; and removing every
 thing

thing offensive, admits only such parts, as are *congruous*, and *beautiful*; will in all probability, make a much better landscape, than he who takes all as it comes; and without selecting beauties, copies only what he sees presented in each particular scene.

But you wish for the representation of some *particular scene*. It is truth you desire, and not fiction.

Who objects? But even here you must allow a little to the imagination, or your scene will probably never please. What is it that you *admire*? Is it *the spot you stand on*? Or, is it the grandeur of *some lake*—a *cove of mountains*—an *enriched distance*—the *windings* of a noble river—or some other exhibition, which is in fact much to be admired? This noble scene, whatever it is, you wish to see set off to the best advantage. In order therefore to give this advantage to the *part you admire*, you must allow your artist to take some liberty with the *ground he stands on*; which is evidently *not*
the

the part you admire; and probably abounds with deformities.

It is not meant to give him licence instead of liberty. Of the grand exhibition before him, which is the portrait you want, he must take a faithful copy. If *it* present any striking deformity, it is not a subject for the pencil: it should be relinquished. But if it be pure in all it's parts, the fore-ground should be made equal to it. Yet nothing should be introduced alien to the scene presented. Such alterations only your artist should make, as the nature of the country allows, and the beauty of composition requires. Trees he may generally plant, or remove, at pleasure. If a withered stump suit the form of his landscape better than the spreading oak, which he finds in nature, he may make the exchange—or he may make it, if he wish for a spreading oak, where he finds a withered trunk: He has no right, we allow, to add a magnificent castle—an impending rock—or a river, to adorn his fore-ground. These are *new features*. But he may certainly
break

break an ill-formed hillock; and shovel the earth about him, as he pleases, without offence. He may pull up a piece of awkward paling—he may throw down a cottage—he may even turn the course of a road, or a river, a few yards on this side, or that. These trivial alterations may greatly add to the beauty of his composition; and yet they interfere not with the truth of *portrait*. Most of these things may *in fact* be altered to-morrow; tho they disgust to-day. The road and the river, it is true, keep their station: but the change you desire, is so trifling; that the eye of truth can never be offended; tho the picturesque eye may be exceedingly gratified. There is a very beautiful scene on the banks of the Tay near Perth, which in composition is correctly picturesque; except only that the river forming two parallel lines with the sides of the picture, enters the fore-ground at right angles. So offensive a form could not but injure the beauty of any landscape. Would the truth of portrait be injured, in painting this subject, if trees
were

were planted to hide the deformity; or a small turn given to the river, to break it's disgusting regularity?

The author means not however to offer the *portraits*, and *illustrations* he hath here given, as perfect examples of the principles he hath laid down. It is a difficult matter for any artist (at least, who does not claim as a professional man) to reach his own ideas. What he represents will ever fall short of what he imagines. With regard to *figures* particularly, the author wishes to premise, that the rules laid down in the beginning of the second volume (page 43, &c.) are here little observed. Those remarks were chiefly intended for works in a larger style. Figures on so small a scale as these, are not capable of receiving character. They are at best only what he calls *pictu- resque appendages*.

Besides, the representations here given have again sustained a loss by going through a translation in so rough and unmanageable a language, as that of brass, and aquafortis. The
mode

mode of etching chosen, is the newly invented one of aqua-tinta; which is certainly the softest, and comes the nearest to the idea of drawing. But this species of etching itself, tho even managed by a masterly hand, is subject to great inconveniences; especially when a large number of prints are taken from one plate. It is impossible to make lights graduate as they ought—to keep distances pure—and to give those strong characteristic touches to objects, which may be done with a brush in *drawing*. Unavoidable defects however the candid will excuse; and may rest assured, that the author took all the pains he could, by correcting the proofs, to make the plates, what he wished them.

The first of these is the fact that the
the second is the fact that the
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the nineteenth is the fact that the
the twentieth is the fact that the

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OBSERVATIONS

ON

Several PARTS of ENGLAND,

ESPECIALLY

The LAKES, &c.

SECTION I.

BEFORE we make any observations on the picturesque beauty of particular places, it may not be amiss to take a flight view of those great features, on which picturesque beauty in landscape so much depends.

Almost the whole of the *western* coast of England is mountainous, and rocky: and, as

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it

it approaches the sea, it is often scooped into large bays, and inlets, invironed by promontories.

On the *eastern* side, the coast consists chiefly of low, flat, sandy shores; from the mouth of the Thames, as far as Scarborough in Yorkshire; where the coast first becomes rocky. At this point, it deviates so much from the general character, it has thus far maintained; that the river Derwent, which rises very near the sea, instead of entering it directly, retires from it; and joins the Humber, at the distance of forty miles.—From Scarborough the eastern coast assumes the character of the western; and is more or less rocky, as far as the Tweed.

The *southern* coast, lying between countries of such different characters, participates of both.

Such is the general idea of the great *boundaries* of England.

If we leave the coast, and take a view of the internal parts of the country, we find the *southern* counties much varied with hill and dale. The *western* rather approach the mountainous character; almost the whole of Wales
is

is in that style of landscape. But in the *midland*, and *eastern* parts, we scarce find any elevation that deserves to be mentioned: they are generally level; till we arrive near the centre of the island.

In Derbyshire the first mountainous country begins. There the high lands forming themselves by degrees into a chain of mountains, direct their course towards the north-west. They first divide Lancashire from Yorkshire: then entering Westmoreland, they spread themselves over the whole of that county, and a part of Cumberland. Again contracting themselves into a chain, and forming the limits between Cumberland, and Northumberland, they continue their course northward; and enter Scotland.—It is in the various parts of this vast combination of mountains, to which we may add those of Wales, where the admirers of the beautiful and sublime in English landscape are chiefly gratified.

There is another grand feature, that may be noticed in the internal parts of England; and that is, the vast beds of chalk, which are found in various parts.

B 2

A chalky

A chalky soil has indeed not so great an effect on the picturesque form of a country, as rocks and mountains ; and yet it's effect is not inconsiderable. It generally produces a peculiar style of landscape—an impoverished kind ; without the grandeur of the rocky country ; or the cheerful luxuriance of the sylvan. It runs out commonly into wide, diffusive downs ; swelling into frequent elevations. These are it's usual characters, where the chalk approaches nearest the surface : but as it runs at various depths ; it has, of course, in many places very little effect on landscape. In the lower grounds, where the rains, through a succession of ages, have washed the soil from the higher, you see often a very luxuriant vegetation.

The great central *patria* of chalk, if I may so phrase it, seems to be in the contiguous parts of Berkshire, Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, and Hampshire. From this vast bed, three principal ridges of it extend.

The first leaving Berkshire, crosses the Thames ; and running northward through Buckinghamshire, enters Bedfordshire, and ends about Dunstable ; beyond which, chalk is never found.

A second running eastward, occupies great part of Surrey ; and turning near Dartford to the
the

the south-east, continues in that direction, forming high grounds, till it meet the sea abruptly at Dover.

The third great ridge takes a more southerly course, occupying a vast tract, near eighty miles in length, tho scarce any where above four miles broad, which is known by the name of the South-downs of Suffex. Ports-down may be considered as a branch of this ridge.

Besides these three great ridges, it appears in a few other detached parts ; but very rarely.

Similar remarks might be made, with some accuracy, on the effects, which other soils have on landscape. But as these effects, are not so striking ; I wish not to appear refined. I shall only observe in general, that the variety and intermixture of soils, and strata, in this island, are very great.

From whatever cause it proceeds, certain, I believe, it is, that this country exceeds most countries in the *variety* of it's picturesque beauties. I should not wish to speak merely as an Englishman : the suffrages of many travellers,

and foreigners, of taste, I doubt not, might be adduced.

In some or other of the *particular species* of landscape, it may probably be excelled. Switzerland may perhaps exceed it in the beauty of it's wooded vallies; Germany, in it's river-views; and Italy, in it's lake-scenes. But if it yield to some of these countries in *particular* beauties; I should suppose, that on the *whole*, it transcends them all. It exhibits perhaps more variety of hill, and dale, and level ground, than is any where to be seen in so small a compass. It's rivers assume every character, diffusive, winding and rapid. It's estuaries, and coast-views are varied, of course, from the form, and rockiness of it's shores. It's mountains, and lakes, tho they cannot perhaps rival, as I have just observed, some of the choice lakes of Italy—about Tivoli especially, where the most perfect models of this kind of landscape are said to be presented; are yet in *variety*, I presume, equal to the lake-scenery of any country.

But besides the *variety* of it's beauties, in some or other of which it may be rivalled; it
possesses

possesses some beauties, which are *peculiar* to itself.

One of these peculiar features arises from the *intermixture* of wood and cultivation, which is found oftener in English landscape, than in the landscape of other countries. In France, in Italy, in Spain, and in most other places, cultivation, and wood have their separate limits. Trees grow in detached woods; and cultivation occupies vast, unbounded common fields. But in England, the custom of dividing property by hedges, and of planting hedge-rows, so universally prevails, that almost wherever you have cultivation, there also you have wood.

Now altho this regular intermixture produces often deformity on the nearer grounds; yet, at a distance it is the source of great beauty. On the spot, no doubt, and even in the first distances, the marks of the spade, and the plough; the hedge, and the ditch; together with all the formalities of hedge-row trees, and square divisions of property, are disgusting in a high degree. But when all these regular forms are softened by distance—when hedge-row trees begin to unite, and lengthen into streaks along

the horizon—when farm-houses, and ordinary buildings lose all their vulgarity of shape, and are scattered about, in formless spots, through the several parts of a distance—it is inconceivable what richness, and beauty, this mass of deformity, when melted together, adds to landscape. One vast tract of wild, uncultivated country, unless either varied by large parts, or under some peculiar circumstances of light, cannot produce the effect. Nor is it produced by unbounded tracts of cultivation; which, without the intermixture of wood, cannot give richness to distance.—Thus English landscape affords a species of *rich distance*, which is rarely to be found in any other country.—You have likewise from this intermixture of wood and cultivation, the advantage of being sure to find a tree or two, on the foreground, to adorn any beautiful view you may meet with in the distance.

Another peculiar feature in the landscape of this country, arises from the great quantity of English oak, with which it abounds. The oak of no country has equal beauty: nor does any tree answer all the purposes of scenery so well. The oak is the noblest ornament of a fore-

fore-ground ; spreading, from side to side, it's tortuous branches ; and foliage, rich with some autumnal tint. In a distance also it appears with equal advantage ; forming itself into beautiful clumps, varied more in shape ; and perhaps more in colour, than the clumps of any other tree. The pine of Italy has it's beauty, hanging over the broken pediment of some ruined temple. The chesnut of Calabria is consecrated by adorning the fore-grounds of Saluator. The elm, the ash, and the beech, have all their respective beauties : but no tree in the forest is adapted to all the purposes of landscape, like English oak.

Among the peculiar features of English landscape, may be added the embellished garden, and park-scene. In other countries the environs of great houses are yet under the direction of formality. The wonder-working hand of art, with it's regular cascades, spouting fountains, flights of terraces, and other atchievements, have still possession of the gardens of kings, and princes. In England alone the model of nature is adopted.

This

This is a mode of scenery intirely of the fylvan kind. As we seek among the wild works of nature for the sublime, we seek here for the beautiful: and where there is a variety of lawn, wood, and water; and these naturally combined; and not too much decorated with buildings, nor disgraced by fantastic ornaments; we find a species of landscape, which no country, but England, can display in such perfection: not only because this just species of taste prevails no where else; but also, because no where else are found such proper materials. The want of English oak, as we have just observed, can never be made up, in this kind of landscape especially. Nor do we any where find so close and rich a verdure. An easy swell may, every where, be given to ground: but it cannot every where be covered with a velvet turf, which constitutes the beauty of an embellished lawn.

The moisture, and vapoury heaviness of our atmosphere, which produces the rich verdure of our lawns; gives birth also to another peculiar feature in English landscape—that obscurity, which is often thrown over distance. In warmer climates especially, the air is purer. Those mists
and

and vapours which steam from the ground at night, are dispersed with the morning-sun. Under Italian skies very remote objects are seen with great distinctness. And this mode of vision, no doubt, has it's beauty; as have all the works, and all the operations of nature.—But, at best, this is only one mode of vision. Our grosser atmosphere (which likewise hath it's seasons of purity) exhibits various modes; some of which are in themselves more beautiful, than the most distinct vision.

The several degrees of obscurity, which the heaviness of our atmosphere gives to landscape, may be reduced to three—*haziness*, *mists*, and *fogs*.

Haziness just adds that light, grey tint—that thin, dubious veil, which is often beautifully spread over landscape. It hides nothing. It only sweetens the hues of nature—it gives a consequence to every common object, by giving it a more indistinct form—it corrects the glare of colours—it softens the harshness of lines; and above all, it throws over the face of landscape that harmonizing tint, which blends the whole into unity, and repose.

Mist goes farther. It spreads still more obscurity over the face of nature. As haziness softens,

softens, and adds a beauty perhaps to the *correctest* form of landscape; mist is adapted to those landscapes, in which we want to hide much, to soften more; and to throw many parts into a greater distance, than they naturally occupy.

Even the *fog*, which is the highest degree of a gross atmosphere, is not without it's beauty in landscape; especially in the mountain-scenes, which are so much the object of the following remarks. When partial, as it often is, the effect is grandest. When some vast promontory, issuing from a cloud of vapour, with which all it's upper parts are blended, shoots into a lake; the imagination is left at a loss to discover, whence it comes, or to what height it aspires. The effect rises with the obscurity; and the view is sometimes wonderfully great.

To these natural features, which are, in a great degree, peculiar to the landscape of England, we may lastly add another, of the artificial kind—the ruins of abbeys; which, being naturalized to the soil, might indeed, without much impropriety, be classed among it's natural beauties.

Ruins

Ruins are commonly divided into two kinds ; castles, and abbeys. Of the former few countries perhaps can produce so many, as this island ; for which various causes may be assigned. The feudal system, which lasted long in England, and was carried high, produced a number of castles in every part. King Stephen's reign contributed greatly to multiply them. And in the northern counties, the continued wars with Scotland had the same effect. Many of these buildings, now fallen into decay, remain objects of great beauty.

In the ruins of castles however, other countries may compare with ours. But in the remains of abbeys no country certainly can.

Where popery prevails, the abbey is still intire and inhabited ; and of course less adapted to landscape.

But it is the mode of architecture, which gives such excellence to these ruins. The Gothic style, in which they are generally composed, is, I apprehend, unrivalled among foreign nations ; and may be called a peculiar feature in English landscape.

Many of our ruins have been built in what is often called the Saxon style. This is a coarse, heavy mode of architecture ; and seldom affords
a beau-

a beautiful ruin. In general, the Saxon prevails most in the northern counties; and the Gothic in the southern: tho each division of the kingdom affords some instances of both: and in many we find them mixed.

What we call Saxon architecture seems to have been the awkward imitation of Greek, and Roman models. What buildings of Roman origin were left in England, were probably destroyed by the ruthless Saxon in his early ravages. Afterwards, when Alfred the great, having established government, and religion, turned his view to arts, we are told he was obliged to send to the continent for architects. In what species of architecture the buildings of this prince were composed, we know not: but probably in a purer style, than what we now call Saxon; as Alfred lived nearer Roman times; and perhaps possessed in his own country some of those beautiful models which might have escaped the rage of his ancestors. Even now, amidst all that heaviness, and barbarism, which we call Saxon, it is not difficult to trace some features of Roman origin. Among the ruins of Brinkburn-abbey, between Rothbury, and Warkworth, in Northumberland, we discover in some parts even Roman elegance.

This

This species of architecture is supposed to have continued till the time of the crusades; when a new style of *ornament* at least, fantastic in the highest degree, began to appear. It forms a kind of composite with the Saxon; and hath been called by some antiquarians the Saracenic: tho others disallow the term. Many ruins of this kind are still existing.

The English architect however began, by degrees, to strike out a new mode of architecture for himself; without searching the continent for models. This is called the Gothic; but for what reason, it is hard to say: for the Goths, who were never in England, had been even forgotten, when it was invented; which was about the reign of Henry II. It is besides found no where, I believe, but in England; except in such parts of France, as were in possession of the English.

In this beautiful species of architecture the antiquarian points out three periods.

When it first appeared, the round Saxon arch began to change into the pointed one; and the short, clumsy pillar began to cluster: but still the Saxon heaviness in part prevailed. Salisbury-cathedral, which was finished about the year 1250, is generally considered as a very
pure

pure specimen of the Gothic, in it's first, and ruder form.

By degrees improvements in architecture were introduced. The east-window being enlarged, was trailed over with beautiful scrawl-work; while the clustered-pillar began to increase in height, and elegance; and to arch, and ramify along the roof. In short, an intire new mode of architecture, purely British, was introduced. The grandeur of the Roman—the heaviness of the Saxon—and the grotesque ornament of the Saracenic, were all equally relinquished. An airy lightness pervaded the whole; and ornaments of a new invention took place. The cathedral of York, and part of Canterbury, among many others, are beautiful examples of this period of Gothic architecture.

About the time of the later Henries, the last period began to obtain; in the architecture of which the flat, stone roof, and a variety of different ornaments were the chief characteristics. Of this enriched style King's college chapel in Cambridge, and Henry VII's at Westminster, are two of the most elegant examples. The flat, stone roof is generally, even at this day, considered, as a wonderful effort of art. It is said, that Sir Christopher Wren himself could
not

not conceive it. He would say, " Tell me
 " where to place the first stone; and I will
 " follow it with a second."

This style is generally considered as the perfection of Gothic architecture. I own, it rather appears to me the decline of the art. The ornaments, so affectedly introduced, and patched on; as the rose, and portcullis in King's college chapel, have not, in my eye, the beauty of the middle style; in which every ornament arises naturally from the several members of the building; and makes a part of the pile itself. Nor has the flat roof, with all its ornaments, in my opinion, the simplicity and beauty of the ribbed, and pointed one.

Abbeys formerly abounded so much in England, that a delicious valley could scarce be found, in which one of them was not stationed. The very sites of many of these ancient edifices are now obliterated by the plough; yet still so many elegant ruins of this kind are left; that they may be called, not only one of the peculiar features of English landscape; but may be ranked also among its most picturesque beauties.



S E C T. II.

May 28th, 1772.

IN the following tour we meant to travel the western road, through Oxfordshire, Warwickshire, Staffordshire, Cheshire, and Lancashire, into Westmoreland, and Cumberland; where we proposed to make the lakes, and mountains the chief objects of our attention; and to return through Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Leicestershire and Northamptonshire.

We crossed first into the great Bath road, through Kingston, in Surrey, over Hounslow-heath; which is a dead flat, together with the country around it. You seem to be always in the center of a circle of four or five miles in diameter. This flat is a little relieved by a view

of the towers of Windsor-castle, rising at the distance of three or four miles on the left; but it is no very considerable object from the road

About the twenty-fourth stone the eye begins to get a little out of the circle; breaking from it into the country: but it can yet make only short excursions.

The first striking scenery, is the woody-bank of Taplow; which, hanging over the Thames; and crowned with Cliefden-house, seated loftily among the highest woods, makes a grand appearance.

On the road towards Henly, the views, which may be called *first distances*, are not unpleasing. They consist of little knolls, in various shapes, covered with beech.

The new road down Henly-hill is a noble work. From the *lower* grounds (when the work was new, and the chalk was continually shivering from the top) it had the whimsical appearance of a vast sheet of water.

Henly

Henly lies pleasantly at the bottom of woody hills, on the banks of the Thames: but the chalk bursting every where from the soil, is disagreeable. When a white spot has a meaning, as in a wicket, or a seat, if it be only a spot, it may often have a good effect; but when it forces itself on the eye in large unmeaning patches, it never fails to disturb the landscape.

From Henly we still continued among woody hills; but they became more detached, and unpleasing. Before we reached Nettlebed, the road passed through a beechen-grove, which lasted about a mile: and on our leaving it, we were presented with extensive distances. These roads have all been made at a great expence, as they are frequently cut through chalky hills.

From Benfington the rising grounds on the left, along the Thames, at a second distance, give some little beauty to the off-skip, as far as Dorchester. From thence to Oxford the country grows more flat and unpleasant; running some-

times into common fields, and sometimes into barren wastes.

The village of Nuneham, through which the road passes, was built by Lord Harcourt for his cottagers ; and with that regularity, which perhaps gives the most convenience to the dwellings of men. For this we readily relinquish the picturesque idea. Indeed I question, whether it were possible for a single hand to build a picturesque village. Nothing contributes more to it, than the various styles in building, which result from the different ideas of different people. When all these little habitations happen to unite harmoniously ; and to be connected with the proper appendages of a village—a winding road—a number of spreading trees—a rivulet with a bridge—and a spire, to bring the whole to an apex ;—the village is complete.

Nuneham-house stands a little out of the London road, about six miles from Oxford. The old family-seat of Stanton-Harcourt, where Pope, and Gay led the muses, is now a deserted ruin. Its situation was vile, compared with
that

that of the present house; which commands, from a rising ground, an extensive prospect over all the intervening flat, as far as the towers of Oxford. In another direction it overlooks the windings of the Thames towards Abingdon. These grand views, terminated by the Berkshire hills, and other rising grounds, compose the distance; and are presented from different places around the house; particularly from a terrace, which extends at least a mile. The accompaniment also of noble trees on the foreground sets off the distant scenery to great advantage.

One of the most striking features in these scenes, is the parish-church, which was designed by Mr. Stuart in the form of a Grecian temple of the Ionic order.

We are the less able however to speak with any precision of the beauty of these scenes, as a wet evening prevented our examining them, as we could have wished.

The house is fitted up usefully, and elegantly; as if intended rather for comfort, than ostentation. The pictures seem, in general, a well-chosen collection. But we had neither time, nor light to examine them thoroughly.

And yet this is not so disadvantageous a circumstance, as it may appear. A distinction may be made between the furniture-picture, and the cabinet one. The furniture-picture should have it's full effect as a *whole*. The *composition* especially, the *distribution of light*, and the *harmony of colouring*, should be well understood. These things will give it value, by pleasing the eye in a transient, unexamined view; tho it may not so well bear a nicer scrutiny.—And indeed in forming a judgment of such a picture a cursory eye may form the best. It is not under the fascination, and delusion, which the detail of a studied picture may throw over it: but judges freely of it's *general effect*. At the same time, a picture, which does not thus forcibly strike the eye at once, may yet well reward an accurate examination; and indeed may be in itself a more valuable picture: the parts may be more excellent; the *expression*, the *grace*, the *drawing*, and *local colouring*. But whatever excellences such a picture may possess, if it do not *please at sight*; it seems fitter for a painter's chamber, or a curious cabinet, than for a saloon, or a drawing-room.

Among the pictures, in this collection, which particularly pleased the eye at sight, were two
beg-

beggars by Murillo—some figures representing night by Castelli—a landscape by Daker; and another by Ruysdael.

Here are two or three histories by Poussin, which having turned black with age, leave us to regret, that so able a master, tho he was never perhaps an excellent colourist, should have been so little acquainted with the nature of colours. The Flemish school, in general, seem to have had the best preparations. But it might yet perhaps be useful in painting, if the nature of pigments could be brought more to a certainty; and that the painter, like the apothecary, had a sound dispensatory to direct his practice.

To enter into an examination of the several buildings, chapels, halls, libraries, pictures, and gardens of Oxford, would have engaged us in too great a work. We left Oxford therefore behind; and proceeded to Woodstock.—The road still continues through a flat country. It may be called a kind of cultivated dreariness.

The

The heaviness and enormity of Blenheim-castle have been greatly criticized: perhaps too severely. We may be too much bigotted to Greek, and Roman architecture*. It was adapted often to local convenience. Under an Italian sun, for instance, it was of great importance to exclude warmth, and give a current to air. The portico was well adapted to this purpose.

A slavish imitation also of antique ornaments may be carried into absurdity. When we see the skulls of oxen adorning a heathen temple, we acknowledge their propriety. But it is rather unnatural to introduce them in a christian church; where sacrifice would be an offence.

We are fettered also too much by orders, and proportions. The ancients themselves paid no such close attention to them. Our modern code was collected by average calculations from their works; by Sanfovino particularly, and

* In the following observations on Greek and Roman architecture, I am much indebted to Mr. Lock.

Palladio. But if these modern legislators of the art had been obliged to produce precedents ; they could not have found any two buildings among the remains of ancient Rome, which were exactly of the same proportions.

I would not, by any means, wish to shake off the wholesome restraint of those laws of art, which have been made rules ; because they were first reasons. All I mean is, to apologize for Vanburgh. For tho it may be difficult to please in any other form of architecture, than what we see in daily use : yet in an art, which has not nature for it's model, the mind recoils with disdain at the idea of an *exclusive* system. The Greeks did not imagine, that when they had invented a good thing, the faculty was exhausted ; and incapable of producing another. Where should we have admired, at this day, the beauty of the Ionic order ; if, after the Doric had been invented, it had been considered as the *ne plus ultra* of art ; and every deviation from it's proportions reprobated as barbarous innovations ? Vanburgh's attempt therefore seems to have been an effort of genius : and if we can keep the imagination apart from the five orders, we must allow, that he has created a *magnificent whole* ; which is invested with an air
of

of grandeur, seldom seen in a more regular style of building. Its very defects, except a few that are too glaring to be overlooked, give it an appearance of something beyond common; and as it is surrounded with great objects, the eye is struck with the *whole*, and takes the *parts* upon trust. What made Vanburgh ridiculous, was, his applying to small houses, a style of architecture, which could not possibly succeed, but in a large one. In a small house, where the grandeur of a *whole* cannot be attempted, the eye is at leisure to contemplate *parts*, and meets with frequent occasion of disgust.

This immense pile stands in the middle of an extensive park. The situation is, in general, flat. A lawn, proportioned to the house, spreads in front; and, at the distance of about half a mile, meets an abrupt valley, which winds across the park. The sides of this valley are shagged with well-grown wood. At the bottom ran once a penurious stream; over which, directly opposite to the castle, is thrown a magnificent bridge, consisting of a single arch; intended chiefly to make an easy communication between the two sides of the valley.

About

About half a mile beyond this arch is reared a triumphal column; which, tho much criticized, I own, gives me no offence; but rather seems to carry on the idea of grandeur. The top is crowned with the statue of the duke of Marlborough; and the pedestal is inscribed—not indeed with the terseness of a Roman altar—but with the less classical, tho more honourable detail of an act of parliament; granting the manor of Woodstock to the duke for his eminent services.

All this scenery before the castle, is now new-modelled by the late ingenious Mr. Brown, who has given a specimen of his art, in a nobler style, than he has commonly displayed. His works are generally pleasing; but here they are great.

About a mile below the house, he has thrown across the valley, a massy head; which forms the rivulet into a noble lake, divided by the bridge, (which now appears properly with all the grandeur of accompaniments) into two very extensive pieces of water. Brown himself used to say, “ that the Thames would never forgive him, what he had done at Blenheim.” And every spectator must allow, that, on entering the great gate from Woodstock, the whole of this
 scenery,

scenery, (the castle, the lawn, the woods, and the lake) seen together, makes one of the grandest bursts, which art perhaps ever displayed.

The scenery *below* the bridge is the most beautiful part. The water here takes the form of a bay, running up into a wooded country; and several light skiffs at anchor, impress the idea. The bay appears totally land-locked, and the ground falls easily into it in every part.

Behind the house, the improved grounds consist, (in Mr. Brown's usual style,) of a *belt*, as it is called, incircling a portion of the park. In this part grandeur gives way to beauty; except where the walk traverses the side of the bay. Here the great idea is still extended; and the banks of the Wye scarce exhibit more romantic scenes, than are here displayed in the level plains of Oxfordshire. The walk carried us along the side of one woody precipice, severed from another, by an expanse of water, which no English river could furnish.

Of this situation every advantage is taken, which could add variety to grandeur. In one part, the opposite woody shore is seen alone, spreading before the eye in a vast profusion of woody scenery. In another part it appears accompanied with the lake: and sometimes, it is
only

only received in catches, through the woods of the fore-ground, which are generally composed of lofty oak.

In the midst of these great ideas, the scene was not improved by several little patches of flowers, and flowering shrubs, artificially disposed, and introduced; which shewed the hand of art to have been straying, where the imagination would wish to be ingrossed by the grand exhibition of simplicity, and nature:

“ where if art
 “ E’er dared to tread, ’twas with unsandal’d feet,
 “ Printless, as if the place were holy ground.”

But when we saw these scenes, the work was new. Time has now probably blended all these littleneesses into an harmonious mixture with the grander parts. The merest shrub may be a companion to the oak without offence. The offence arises only from the artificial disposition.

In the house our curiosity was chiefly confined to the pictures—those of Reubens especially; whose works are here in greater excellence, and profusion, than in any collection in England. Many days would be insufficient to examine them fully. We had time only to mark their general effect.

Reubens’s

Reubens's family, by himself, consisting of three figures as large as the life, is a laboured piece; and yet full of spirit. The composition, colouring, and harmony of the whole, are excellent. I should not scruple my suffrage in ranking this as the first family-picture in England. The chaste simplicity of the *Cornaro family* * perhaps might be excepted. I have examined, with great attention, the famous family-picture at Wilton. In that celebrated work the *parts* are fine, some of them extraordinarily so; but the *whole* is ill-managed. Here the eye is not ingrossed by any *particular*, but is filled and satisfied with the *whole*; and yet may range with pleasure over the *parts*.

The *Silenus* also is a finished piece; and a very noble effort of Rubens's genius, when let loose among ideal beings, in which it delighted.

The *Holy-family* seems either to be damaged; or to have wanted Reubens's last hand. It is flat; and possesses little of the master's fire, except in the old woman's head.

The *Andromeda*, by Rubens, is a very fine figure.

* In Northumberland-House, by Titian.

Lot leaving Sodom, is a noble work also, by the same master. In the colouring of this picture there is a peculiar glow. In composition it is less happy.

18

S E C T. III.

FROM Woodstock we proceeded to Chapel-house, in our way to Warwick.

Our first stage was barren of beauty. Lord Shrewsbury's on the right, which appears to stand at the end of an extensive plantation, and has much the air of a nobleman's mansion, continues long in view, and is almost the only object that engages the eye. But the uniformity of the woods, at a distance, is displeasing.

From Chapel-house the road leads through a hilly, unpleasant country. The hills are neither cloathed with wood; nor varied with broken ground—but are mere heavy lumps of earth; and the whole a barren prospect. I mean *barren* only in a picturesque light; for it affords good pasturage; and is covered with

D 2

herds

herds of cattle; and a beautiful breed of sheep, with filken fleeces, and without horns.

And yet, among these hills, the vallies are sometimes pleasing. Long Compton, consisting of a number of thatched cottages, winds pleasantly along the bottom of one of them: and the situation of Mr. Sheldon's at Weston-park seems agreeable.

As we enter Warwickshire, near Shipston upon Stour, the hills diminish into rising grounds; and a bleak country changes into a woody one. The soil changes also from a deep clay into a gravelly, red loam; sprinkled with beautiful pebbles. The road leads generally through pleasant lanes; leaving on the right the village of Keinton, and Edge-hill, where the unfortunate Charles first tried his success in arms.

As we approach Warwick, the country becomes so flat, that the towers of the castle make little appearance at a distance.

Warwick

Warwick contains many beautiful objects. The church is an elegant Gothic structure. A considerable part of it was lately burnt : but it is rebuilt with great symmetry.

Connected with the church is a curious chapel ; decorated in the richest Gothic taste. It is the repository of many of the chiefs of the house of Warwick. Among them lies, under a splendid monument, the celebrated Dudley, earl of Leiceſter.

The Seſſions-houſe, and the Town-houſe, are both elegant buildings ; eſpecially the former.

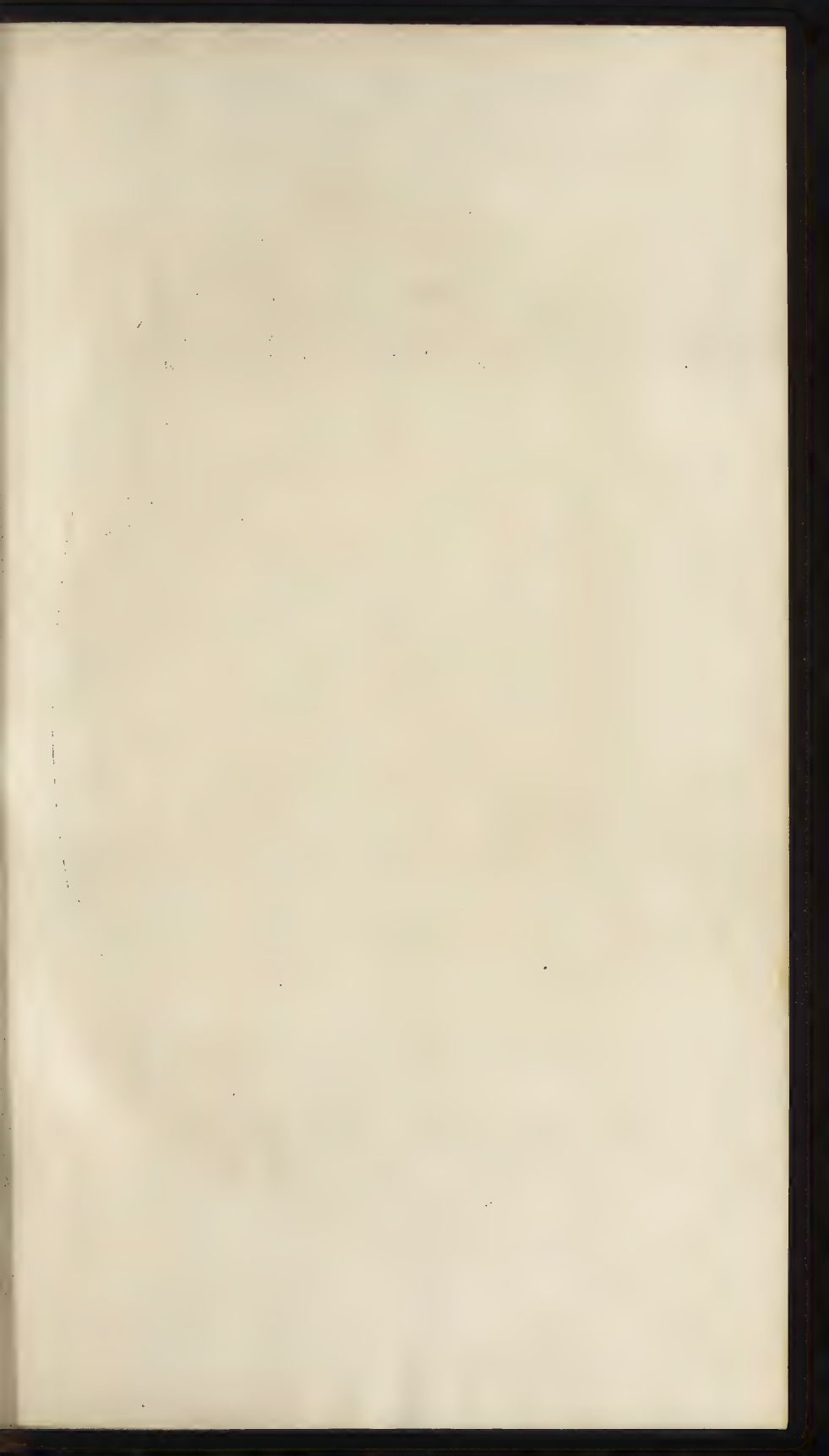
The Priory, ſituated rather without the town, is capable of being made a pleaſing ſcene. Little of the old ſtructure remains ; and what is left, is converted into a dwelling-houſe. It ſtands more elevated than monaſtic buildings uſually did ; the ground falling from it, tho gently, in almoſt every direction. It's pre-cincts contain about fix or ſeven acres, circum-

scribed by a skreen of lofty wood. Beyond this the towers of Warwick castle, and other objects are under command.—We can only however admire the beauty of the objects ; and the little advantage that hath been taken of them.

But the great ornament of Warwick, is the *castle*. This place, celebrated once for it's strength, and now for its beauty, stands on a gentle rise, in the midst of a country not absolutely flat. The river Avon washes the rock, from which it's walls rise perpendicularly. You see it's grand foundation to most advantage from the windows of the great hall ; from which you look down a considerable height, upon the river.

This noble castle having appeared in the different capacities, first of a fortress, and afterwards of a county-jail ; was at last converted by it's proprietor, the earl of Warwick, into a habitable mansion. The old form is still preserved ; at least it may be every where traced ; and each addition is in symmetry with what is left.

The old entrance is still in use. A bridge is thrown over the ditch, and leads into the
inner





inner area of the castle, through a grand turreted gate. This gate is placed in the middle of a curtain; at the extremities of which stand two round towers, known by the names of Guy's, and Cæsar's.

On entering this venerable gate; and surveying, from it's inner arch, the area or court of the castle, which contains about an acre; you see the ground-plot, and plan of the whole fortress.—On the left is the habitable part. In front rises a woody mount, probably artificial; where formerly stood the citadel, part of which still remains. The area itself is covered with turf, and surrounded by a broad gravel walk, as a coach-ring: and the whole is encompassed by a wall, adorned with the ruins of towers, and other mural projections; which being shattered in many places, and covered with ivy, catch little breaks of light, and often make a picturesque appearance.

The house is grand, and convenient: the rooms spacious, and comfortable. Some of the offices, particularly the kitchen, are hewn out of the solid rock, on which the castle is founded.

The garden consists only of a few acres; and is laid out by Brown in a close walk, which winds towards the river; and, somewhat awk-

wardly, reverts into itself; taking no notice, except in one single point, of the noble pile it invests.

The armour, and tilting spear of the celebrated Guy, earl of Warwick, a rib of the dun cow, and other monuments of the prowess of that hero, are shewn at the porter's lodge. These remains, tho fictitious, no doubt, are not improper appendages of the place; and give the imagination a kind of tinge, which throws an agreeable, romantic colour on all the vestiges of this venerable pile.

From Warwick we proposed to take a view of Kenelworth-castle, which lies between it and Coventry. The country is flat, and woody.

Kenelworth-castle is one of the most magnificent piles of ruin in England. In the days of it's prosperity, we find it often taking a military part; but in it's ruins we see little of a military air. It's light and ornamental members, in general, mark it rather as a peaceful mansion.

This castle is mentioned in history, I believe as early as the reign of Henry I. It was then private property. But it's owner taking an unsuccessful part in a civil war, it fell into the
hands

hands of the crown: in which it continued till the time of Elizabeth, who gave it to her favourite, the earl of Leicester. This nobleman, profuse, and magnificent to the last degree, is said to have expended sixty thousand pounds on this single pile; a sum, enormous in those days. Here he resided almost in regal state.

After the civil wars of Charles the first, the pride of this noble mansion was humbled. Its owner was a favourer of the royal cause; and Cromwell, in revenge, tore it in pieces; and set every thing to auction, that could be severed from the walls. These rapacious hands left it in a state, from which it never recovered; yet even still it is a splendid ruin.

From its situation it borrows little. The eminence it stands on, is too gentle to command an extensive view: and the country in its neighbourhood is too barren of objects to furnish a rich one.

The plan of the castle is very magnificent. The area, or walled-court, consists of seven acres; one third of which is occupied by the ruin. But of all this superb pile, nothing remains intire. The form of no chamber can well be traced; except perhaps that of the great
ban-

banqueting-hall, which made a principal part of that range of building, which formed the centre of the pile. Among other fragments stand the ruins of two massy, square, dissimilar towers, known by the names of Cæsar's, and Leicester's. These seem to have resisted the shocks of time longer than any of the other parts; but they have, at length, given way. One side of Leicester's tower, having fallen in, has laid open the whole internal structure.

Yet, magnificent as these ruins are, they are not picturesque. Neither the towers, nor any other part, nor the whole together, unless well aided by perspective, and the introduction of trees to hide disgusting parts, would furnish a good *picture*; tho the variety of shattered stair-cases, fractured segments of vaulted roofs, and pieces of ornamented windows, afford excellent *studies* for a painter.

This grand mass of ruin is now making hasty strides to a total dissolution. Another century will probably bring it all to the ground—unless its noble owner* reach out a hand to save it. The stone of which it is constructed, is

* Lord Hyde.

brown ; beautiful to the eye ; but of a friable nature. The touch of time, crumbling it imperceptibly away,

“ in solemn silence sheds
 “ The venerable ruin to the dust.”

Yet not always in *solemn silence*. About seven years ago, a large fragment of Leicester's tower fell down at midnight, and alarmed the neighbourhood far, and wide, with it's noise. And last winter an abutment of the banqueting hall fell in ; and crushed a number of farming utensils, which were deposited under it.

Such is the present state of a structure, which two hundred years ago, was second to none in England. “ Every room (says an old author, describing it on the spot) was spacious, and “ high-roofed *within* ; and every part seemly “ to the sight, by due proportion, *without* ; “ in the day-time, on every side glittering with “ glass : at night, transparent by continual “ brightness of candle, fire, and torch light.”

——But now, in Ossian's plaintive language, “ It's walls are desolate : the grey moss whitens “ the stone : the fox looks out from the win- “ dow ; and rank grass waves round it's head.”

When we saw these ruins, the area, which produces a rich verdure, was grazed by a herd
 of

of cattle. These were a great addition to the scene, and reminded us of some of *Berghem's* best pictures, in which cattle and ruins adorn each other.

The ground, on the outside of the castle, was formerly floated; tho it is now entirely drained. The lake spread round the southern, western, and northern sides; extending on the whole, through the space of two miles. Beyond it lay the park. On the north side was the garden, hanging on the bank, between the castle-wall, and the water. It contained only an acre; and was joined to the park by a bridge. "The left arm of the pool, northward (says the author I have just quoted) has my Lord adorned with a beautiful bracelet of a fair-timbered bridge, fourteen feet wide, and six hundred feet long; railed on both sides, and strongly planted."

The garden was laid out, as we may easily suppose, according to the taste of that day, terrace above terrace, in every mode of expensive deformity. But the lake seems to have had some elegance. Indeed water sweeping round in the shape, in which this is described, *must* be beautiful in some degree. Its surface could not, like land, be injured by art: the extremities of
it

it would be generally hid ; and it would be continually unfolding itself round the magnificent object, which it encompassed : tho, it is probable, it's banks were as trim, and neat, as the spade, and the line could make them.

One of the most memorable particulars of the history of this castle, is an entertainment, which was given here by the earl of Leicester to queen Elizabeth. The tradition of this grand festivity still lives in the country ; and we have hardly any thing equal to it on record. An account of it was published by one Langham, a person then in office about the court, and present at the time. I have already quoted from this work ; and shall add a part of the account he gives of her majesty's *reception* ; from which an idea may be conceived of the gallantry of the whole entertainment.

On the 9th of July 1575, in the evening, the queen approaching the first gate of the castle, the porter, *a man tall of person, and stern of countenance, with a club and keys*, accosted her majesty in a *rough speech, full of passion in metre, aptly made for the purpose* ; and demanded the cause of all this *din, and noise,*

noise, and riding about within the charge of his office? But upon seeing the queen, as if he had been struck instantaneously, and pierced at the presence of a personage, so evidently expressing heroic sovereignty, he falls down on his knees, humbly prays pardon for his ignorance, yields up his club and keys, and proclaims open gates, and free passage to all.

Immediately, the trumpeters, who stood on the wall, being six in number, each an eight foot high, with their silvery trumpets of a five foot long, sounded up a tune of welcome.

These armonious blasters maintained their delectable music, while the queen rode through the tilt-yard, to the grand entrance of the castle, which was washed by the lake.

Here, as she passed, a moveable island approached, in which sat enthroned *the Lady of the lake*; who accosted her majesty in well penned metre, with an account of the antiquity of the castle, and of her own sovereignty over those waters, since the days of king Arthur: *but that hearing her majesty was passing that way, she came in humble wise to offer up the same, and all her power, into her majesty's hands.*

This pageant was closed with a delectable harmony of hautbois, shalms, cornets, and such other
loud

loud music, which held on, while her majesty pleasantly so passed into the castle-gate.

Here she was presented with a new scene. Several of the heathen gods had brought their gifts before her, which were piled up, or hung, in elegant order, on both sides of the entrance: wild-fowl, and dead game, from Sylvanus god of the woods: baskets of fruit from Pomona: sheaves of various kinds of corn from Ceres: a pyramid adorned with clusters of grapes, *gracified with their vine-leaves*, from Bacchus; and ornamented at the bottom with elegant vases and goblets: fish of all sorts, disposed in baskets, were presented by Neptune: arms by Mars; and musical instruments by Apollo. An inscription over the gate explained the whole.

Her majesty having graciously accepted these gifts, was received into the gates with a concert of flutes, and other soft music; and alighting from her palfrey, (which she always rode single) she was conveyed into her chamber: and her arrival was announced through the country by a peal of cannon from the ramparts; and a display of fireworks at night.

Here the queen was entertained nineteen days; and it is recorded, that the entertainment cost the earl a thousand pounds a day; each of
which

which was diversified with masks, interludes, hunting, music, and a variety of other amusements. The queen's genius seems to have been greatly consulted in the pomp, and solemnity of the whole. Perhaps too it was consulted, when the classical purity of these amusements relaxed; and gave way, (as we find it sometimes did) to boxing, bear-baiting, and the buffoonery of the times.

Among other compliments paid to the queen, in this gallant festival, the great clock, which was fixed in Cæsar's tower, was stopped, during her majesty's continuance in the castle; that while the country enjoyed that great blessing, time might stand still.

S E C T. IV.

FROM Kenelworth-castle we proceeded to Coventry. The intervening country is flat.

The tower of Coventry church, is a beautiful object: but constructed of the same kind of mouldering stone, which we took notice of in the ruins of Kenelworth; and which indeed is better adapted to a decayed, than to a compleat pile. The ornamental parts of this tower are just in that state, which one would wish in a ruin: they possess a sort of rich mutilation: every part is in some degree defaced; and yet the whole so perfect, as to leave room for the imagination to put all together. In a *ruin* this is enough: but where the parts are *intire*, we require the ornaments to be so too.

As we leave Coventry, we find a red, gravelly clay, covering a brown rock; which bursting here and there from the soil, often makes a picturesque fore-ground. The lanes are close; and the country woody.

Between Coventry, and Birmingham lies lord Aylsford's, an ancient seat, but now under the hands of improvement. The house is rebuilding, and the grounds are taking a new form, under the taste of Mr. Brown, who seems to be doing all, that a situation, with but few advantages, will allow. The house stands in the midst of a scene rather flat. A rill, running near it, is changed into a river. An elegant approach is conducted over it by a handsome bridge; and a *belt*, winding about two miles, is the circumference of the pleasure ground: but the country affords few objects to enrich either a fore-ground, or a distance.

The rest of the road to Birmingham leads, at first, through an open country; which afterwards

wards becomes woody and close ; and more pleasant, as we approach the town.

The buildings, which you see scattered about the landscape, near Birmingham, are in great profusion, and generally of a reddish hue. For the country is populous ; and the houses are built of a kind of brick, which has a peculiar red cast.—This tint predominating in a country, as it does here, is very unpleasing.

Near Birmingham we went to see Bolton's hard-ware manufactory. It is a town under a single roof ; containing about seven hundred work people. But notwithstanding it is a scene of industry, utility, and ingenuity, it is difficult to keep the eye in humour among so many frivolous arts ; and check it's looking with contempt on an hundred men employed in making a snuff-box.

From Birmingham we left the great road, and passed through a pleasant country to the Leasowes and Hagley, which lie within a few miles of each other. In our way we had a sweet ride through an oak-wood, at Smithwick.

Few places had raised our expectations more than the Leafowes. So great a lover of nature as Mr. Shenstone appears to be in his writings, could not possibly, one would imagine, deviate from her in any of the operations of his genius. I shall give the reader a slight sketch of the scene; and then make a few general observations.

We entered the grounds, (which contain about an hundred acres) by a wicket, near the bottom of a lane, which leads to the house. We should have been carried first into the higher parts; where we might have had a view of the whole at once. We should then have seen that it is, what is properly called, an *adorned farm*; and should have taken that idea along with us. The fields lie about the house; and a walk leads you round them.

We entered however below the house; and were carried first into a narrow, woody valley: from which emerging, we had a pleasant opening into the country about Hale's-Owen.

From this view we dip into a woody bottom, where we find Melibeus's seat, a sequestered spot,

spot, proper for the noon-tide retreat of a shepherd, and his flock.

From hence we penetrate another wood, and come suddenly on a long succession of waterfalls (fourteen of them) seen through an irregular vista of trees. The scenery is whimsical; but amusing.

Having thus traversed the lower grounds, the path leads into the higher; and we begin now to discover, that it is carrying us round the whole. Here we have distant views, bounded by the Wrekin in Shropshire.

From these grounds the path makes a sudden dip to a sequestered vale, where Mr. Shenstone has dedicated an urn to the memory of a beloved lady. From hence it rises again, in a troublesome zig-zag, into the *Lover's walk*; which terminates, (oddly enough,) in the *temple of Pan*. With more propriety it might have led to the *temple of Hymen*.

From hence we descend again, through hanging fields, quite unadorned, to the most finished scene of the whole. It is a grove, ornamented, at the upper end, by a cascade, from which the stream plays in irregular meanders among the trees; and passing under a romantic bridge, forms itself into a small lake. This *whimsical*

spot is dedicated, I think, with some impropriety, to Virgil's genius ; and is one of those ambiguous passages, which we are at a loss, whether to blame, or to commend. From hence we pass again into the lane, where we at first entered,

Tho Mr. Shenstone has, on the whole, shewn great taste and elegance, and has diversified his views very much ; and been particularly happy in (that most agreeable mode of design,) affixing some peculiar character to each scene ; yet in some things he has perhaps done *too much* ; and in others *not enough*.

In the use of water he has been too profuse, He collects it only from a few springs, which ouze from his swampy grounds. It was a *force therefore on nature*, to attempt either a *river*, or a *lake*. A cascade, or a purling rill, should have satisfied his ambition. Besides, like the water of all swamps, the water of the Leasowes wants brilliancy. Frothed by a fall, or quick descent, the impurities of it are less observed : in gentle motion they are striking ; but in a lake they are offensive. It was ridiculous to see Naiads invited, by inscriptions, to bath their
beauteous

beauteous limbs in *crystal* pools, which stood before the eye, impregnated with all the filth which generates from stagnation.

He has done *too much* also in adorning his grounds so profusely with urns, statues, and buildings; which are commonly the most expensive, and the least beautiful parts of improvement. In the *adorned farm* at least they are *improper* decorations.

With his *inscriptions*, (in which many people say, he has done *too much* also) I own, I was pleased. When inscriptions are well-written, and properly adapted, as these generally are, they raise some leading thought; and impress the character of the scene in stronger ideas, than our own.

In other things Mr. Shenstone has perhaps done *too little*.

He might have thrown down more of his hedges: or, if that had been inconvenient, he might at least have concealed his inclosures more in plantations. His path on the *higher grounds*, is, in general, too open; and his foregrounds are often *regular fields*. This regularity might have been *disguised*. The *distances* too would have appeared to more advantage, if they had been seen sometimes *over* a wood; and

sometimes *through* an opening in one; or occasionally through interstices among the boles of the trees.

But Mr. Shenstone's great deficiency lay in not draining, and cleaning his grounds. If he had made his verdure richer, tho at the expence of his buildings, he had shewn a purer taste. But Shenstone was poor; and with a little of that vanity, which often attends poverty, he chose rather to lay out his money on what made the most shew, than on what would have been most becoming. From what he has done however, it is easy to conceive what he could have done; if he had had a country suited to his ideas; and a fortune sufficient to adorn it.

I cannot leave these scenes without remarking the peculiar beauty of his rocks, and cascades.

Of all manufacturers, those of rocks are commonly the most bungling. How often are we carried, in the improvements even of people of taste, to see a piece of rock-scenery, consisting perhaps of half a dozen large stones. They neither give us any idea of what they are intended to represent; nor are they probably suited to the country, in which they are introduced. In our attempts to improve, if we do
more

more than just adorn what nature has done, by planting, and giving a little play to the ground, we err. To aim at changing the *character* of a country, is absurd. Where nature discourages, it is vain to attempt. She

—————scorns controul; she will not bear
 One beauty foreign to the spot, or soil,
 She gives thee to adorn: 'tis thine alone
 To mend, not change, her features————

Mr. Shenstone however has succeeded the best in his rock scenery, because he has done the least. He pretends only just to fret his streams, and break his cascades; and it would be invidious not to own, that his cascades, rocks, and streams are all as exact copies of nature, as we any where find.

On leaving Mr. Shenstone's, a very few miles brought us to Hagley. The evening was fine; and we saw it in all it's glory. Yet we left it disappointed. The plan of Hagley, (if there be any) is so confused, that it is impossible to describe it. There is no coherency of parts. One scene is tacked to another; and any one might be removed, without the least injury to the rest.

A work

A work of art, (be it what it may, house, picture, book, or garden,) however beautiful in it's *underparts*, loses half it's value, if the *general scope* of it be not obvious to conception. Even the wild scene of nature, however pleasing in itself, is still more pleasing, if the eye is able to combine it into a whole.

But *obscurity* in the *general plan*, is not the only objection we made to Hagley: it is *formal* in many of it's *parts*. The view at the entrance is particularly unpleasing; consisting of a lawn rising *from* the house; closed at the upper end, with a regular semicircle of wood; and adorned in the middle by an obelisk.

Many of these scenes also are *minute* and *trifling*. The perspective view at the Palladian bridge, and the reverse from the rotunda, are below criticism. Such also is the stream conveyed, in a channel, little wider than a drill, through the extent of a noble lawn. Some pains too have been taken to make it gurgle, as it runs. Mr. Shenstone wrought in miniature; and tho he rarely trifles, diminutive beauties were in part accommodated to his scheme. But lord Lyttelton wrought on a larger scale: his ideas should have enlarged with it. His pencil should have scorned the
little

little touches of trifling exactness : and he should have considered that his piece both consisted of nobler objects, and was to be seen at a greater distance.

Added to these defects, there is a want also of *variety*. The sides of the hills are all planted ; and the vallies are all lawns. Through a succession of these recesses you are carried. From one lawn you enter another, with little variation of the idea. The same thought is repeated over and over :

————Cingentibus ultima fylvis,
Purus ab aboribus, spectabilis undique campus.

It would however be invidious not to confess, that some of these lawns, considered as independent parts, are very beautiful.

Thompson's seat exhibits a noble display of scenery. You look across a spacious valley of a mile in extent ; the whole a pasture, winding at both ends from the eye. The opposite bank, which conducts the sweep, is hung with wood. At one end of the valley is a distant view into the country ; terminated by the Malvern hills. At the other, the woody bank is adorned by a modern ruin, which stands well, but is an object too minute for
the

the scene. One large round tower, with an underpart, or two, would have had a better effect at a distance, than such a quantity of wall, and other trifling parts, which have been contrived to answer some purpose of utility: whereas the only character such a ruin has to support, is that of being the *distant ornament of a scene*; with which it's utility, if it have any, should coincide. If it doth not answer this end, the cow-house, or the keeper's lodge, or whatever it is, should occupy some less distinguished station. *Here*, it only shews us, that there should have been something, which we do not find.

On the whole, tho there are certainly many very beautiful views in these extensive gardens, yet we may easily conceive, the same variety of ground, the same profusion of wood, and the same advantages of water (tho in this point the deficiency is greatest) might have been so combined as to produce a much nobler whole.

It may be added however, that only the common round of the garden has been here criticized. The rides in the park are very extensive; and, as they are less dressed, they may perhaps be more beautiful. The temple
of

of Theseus stands very happily ; is a handsome object ; and has as grand an effect, as any thing of the kind can have.

The house is a good modern pile ; but wants a dignity of situation, suitable to the capital of such extensive dominions.

SECT.

Page 1

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S E C T. V.

FROM lord Lyttelton's, we proposed to visit Mr. Anson's, near Wolsley-bridge. Our rout led through Stourbridge, Wolverhampton, and Penkridge. The country is rich and woody; but affords little that is picturesque. In many parts it is much disfigured by a new canal, which cuts it in pieces.

One of the most beautiful objects in nature is a noble river, winding through a country; and discovering it's mazy course, sometimes half-concealed by it's woody banks; and sometimes displaying it's ample folds through the open vale.

It's opposite, in every respect, is one of these *cuts*, as they are called. It's lineal, and angular course—it's relinquishing the declivities of the country; and passing over hill, and dale; sometimes banked up on one side, and sometimes on both—it's sharp, parrallel edges, naked,
and

and unadorned—all contribute to place it in the strongest contrast with the river. An object may be disgusting in itself; but it is still more so, when it reminds you, by some distant resemblance, of something beautiful.

At Penkridge we left the great road, and deviated to the right, over a wild heath, to Shuckborough, the seat of Mr. Anson.

Mr. Anson's improvements are nobly conceived, making their object the whole face of a country. It is a pity so generous a design had not been directed by a better taste. His buildings are all on Grecian, and Roman models; and some of them very beautiful. But they want accompaniments. There is something rather absurd in adorning a plain field with a triumphal arch; or with the lantern of Demosthenes, restored to all its splendor. A polished jewel, set in lead is ridiculous. But above all, the temple of the winds, seated in a pool, instead of being placed on a hill, is ill-stationed. As it is some time however, since we saw the scenes of Shuckborough, they may now be greatly altered, and improved. The
temple

temple of the winds, I fear, must ever stand as it does.

The house contains little worth notice. It is furnished in a frippery sort of Chinese manner. There are few pictures of value. The hall is adorned with the naval achievements of lord Anson by Scot; in which the genius of the painter has been regulated by the articles of war. The *line of battle* is a miserable arrangement on canvas; and it is an act of inhumanity in an admiral to injoin it. If the line of battle must be introduced, it should be formed at a distance; and the stress laid on some of the ships, at one end of the line, brought into action, near the eye.

The drawing-room is hung with large ruins, in *distemper*, by Dahl. They are touched with spirit; but the composition wants simplicity. There is a rawness also, and want of force in *distemper*; tho it certainly gives a more pleasing surface for the eye to rest on, than oil-painting, which cannot be divested of the delusive lights of varnish.

The windows of the room, in which these pictures hang, look towards a pile of artificial

ruins in the park. But Mr. Anson has been less happy in fabricating fictitious ruins; than in restoring such as are real.

If a ruin be intended to take a station merely in some distant, inaccessible place; one or two points of view are all that need be provided for. The construction therefore of such a ruin is a matter of less nicety. It is a ruin in a picture.

But if it be presented on a spot, as this is, where the spectator may walk round it, and survey it on every side—perhaps enter it—the construction of it becomes then a matter of great difficulty.

This difficulty arises first from the necessity of constructing it on as regular, and uniform a plan, as if it had been a real edifice. Not only the situation, and general form of the castle, or the abbey, should be observed; but the several parts should at least be so traced out, that an eye, skilled in such edifices, may easily investigate the parts, which are lost, from the parts, which remain. There should always be the *disjecta membra*. So that in constructing a ruin, no part should be presented, which the eye does not easily conceive must necessarily have been there, if the whole had been compleat.

Nor

Nor is the expence, which attends the construction of such a ruin, a trifling difficulty. The picturesque ruin must have no vulgarity of shape: it must convey the idea of grandeur: And no ruins, that I know, except those of a castle, or an abbey, are suited to this purpose; and both these are works of great expence.

But, you say, *a part* only need be introduced. It is true. But if your scene be ample, (and you would introduce it in no other,) the part, you introduce, must be ample also. A paltry ruin is of no value. A grand one is a work of magnificence. A garden-temple, or a Palladian bridge, may easily be effected: but such a portion of ruin, as will give *any idea* of a castle, or an abbey, that is worth displaying, requires an expence equal to that of the mansion you inhabit.

There is great art, and difficulty also in *executing* a building of this kind. It is not every man, who can build a house, that can execute a ruin. To give the stone it's mouldering appearance—to make the widening chink run naturally through all the joints—to mutilate the ornaments—to peel the facing from the internal structure—to shew how correspondent parts have once united; tho now the chasm

runs wide between them—and to scatter heaps of ruin around with negligence and ease; are great efforts of art; much too delicate for the hand of a common workman; and what we very rarely see performed.

Besides, after all, that art can bestow, you must put your ruin at last into the hands of nature to adorn, and perfect it. If the mosses, and lichens grow unkindly on your walls—if the streaming weather-stains have produced no variety of tints—if the ivy refuses to mantle over your buttresses; or to creep among the ornaments of your Gothic window—if the ash, cannot be brought to hang from the cleft; or long, spiry grass to wave over the shattered battlement—your ruin will be still incomplete—you may as well write over the gate, Built in the year 1772. Deception there can be none. The characters of age are wanting. It is time alone, which meliorates the ruin; which gives it perfect beauty; and brings it, if I may so speak, to a state of nature.

On laying all these difficulties together, we see how arduous a matter it is to construct such a ruin, as is to be seen *on the spot*. When it is well done, we allow, that nothing can be more beautiful: but we see every where so many absurd attempts of this kind, that when
we





we walk through a piece of improved ground; and hear of being carried next to *see the ruins*, if the master of the scene be with us, we dread the incounter.

From Mr. Anson's we continued our rout to Stone by Wolfley-bridge, through the same kind of rich, pleasant country: and from thence, in our way to Newcastle, we proposed to take a view of lord Gower's. But a shower of rain prevented us. As far however, as we could judge from a hasty glance, the grounds about Trentham are laid out with great simplicity and elegance. The situation of the house is low. Before it lies an extensive lawn, half-incircled with rising grounds; along which the plantations sweep in one great, varied line.

From Newcastle we took our rout to Manchester. In our road we wished for time to have visited the potteries of Mr. Wedgwood; where the elegant arts of old Etruria are revived. It would have been pleasing to see all these works in their progress to perfection; but it was of less moment; as the forms of all his Tuscan vases were familiar to us.

One great principle in the construction of a Tuscan vase, relates to the mode of setting on the handle. It always rises from the vessel; with which it is united; and of which it makes a part. The strength and beauty of the vessel depends so much on this principle; that one would wonder, how it should ever be overlooked; and indeed I have sometimes observed it in the construction of some of our coarser jars; for the sake probably of the strength, which it adds to the handle. But in general, it is totally neglected; and the handles of our modern vessels, whether of clay, or of metal, tho some of them very costly, instead of *making a part* of the vessels themselves, are awkwardly *fixed* to them.

At Talk-on-the-hill the views are extensive, and beautiful on both sides: the ground is well disposed; and the landscape woody.

As we descended, the knolls, and little depressions of the country, which seen from the higher grounds, were flat, and undistinguished, became

became now hills and vallies, adding new modes of variety.

We soon however left all this landscape behind, and entered an unpleasant country. But after we had passed Holm's-chapel, and a dreary common beyond it; a beautiful scene opened, in which we continued many miles. The road often led through groves of oak; and often through lanes imbowered with lofty trees; which were beautiful in their natural simplicity beyond the improvement of art.

The duke of Bridgewater's works near Manchester are very great. We admire equally the grandeur of the conception, and the skill of the execution. In a painter's eye indeed, we have just seen, that works of this kind are of little value.

From Worsley-mills we took a barge to Manchester; but found little amusement in our voyage, except that of exchanging a rough, jolting motion over rugged pavements; with that of gliding gently along the surface of a smooth canal.

We were struck with one appearance indeed of a singular kind ; that of Chap-mofs ; which stretching on the right along the space of thirty miles, held the eye in suspense, through the shades of twilight, whether it were land, or water. It's colour spoke it one ; it's surface, the other.

From Manchester, around which the country is not unpleasant, we pursued our rout to Preston, and Lancaster. Great part of the road to Bolton is beautiful. The views about Ringley, where a considerable stream forces it's way, between steep, woody banks, are very picturesque. They were the more pleasing, as we came upon them by accident ; having been obliged to leave the great road, which some late floods had made impassable by carrying away a bridge.

From Bolton we ascended a heighth of four miles, over a sort of cultivated mountain. The country, that lay stretched beneath, on the left, was softened, without any intervening grounds, into a blue distance. When we descended the heights,

heights, and entered it, it wore a pleasing, variegated form. It was woody too, and adorned with little rills, every where working along the vallies.

Between Charly and Preston there is likewise much high ground, which let us down, like the heights of Bolton, into a pleasant scene, rich, flat, and woody.

As we approached Preston, the retrospect of Walton-church, over the windings of the Ribble, is very beautiful.

From Preston to Garstang the country is unpleasant. The ground is varied; but it is deficient in wood, and has not dignity to support itself without it.

Here first the mountains begin to rise; and give us a prospect of the country before us. But they yet assume no formidable features. Tinged with light azure, they only skirted the
hori-

horizon; and at a great distance accompanied us, in a lengthened chain on the left.

As we approach Garstang, the castle, tho ruined into a mere block, and without beauty, becomes an object, where there is no other.

From Garstang to Lancaster there is little change in the landscape. It still continues bleak and unpleasant. But as we now approached the mountains, every object began to proclaim the rugged scenes, into which we were entering. The country we now traversed, may be called a kind of connecting thread: itself of an uncharacterized species, striking us with no determined features. It has neither the grandeur of the mountain scene; nor the chearfulness of the sylvan: what wood there is, is poor, and shrivelled. For we now skirted the bay of Cartmel, and the sea-air having caught the trees, had impoverished their foliage, stunted their growth, and destroyed their very form, with unusual rigour.

At

At a mile's distance Lancaster-castle rises to view. It's lofty situation, it's massy towers, and extensive buildings (for it is connected with the church) give an air of grandeur to it's appearance: but as the parts are neither well shaped, nor well combined, it is but an indifferent object from any point. On the spot, the most beautiful part is a noble front; which, with it's other grand appendages, afford sufficient matter for the curiosity of an antiquarian.

On the other side of the town the river Lune, which is a noble piece of water, when the tide is full, sufficiently adorns the landscape.

But here the Lune is a busy, noisy scene, banked with quays; covered with shipping; and resounding with nautic clamour. Far otherwise is it's passage, a few miles above, through the vale of Londsdale; where quietly, and unobserved, it winds around projecting rocks—forms circling boundaries to meadows, pastured with cattle—or passes through groves and thickets, which, in fabulous times, might have been the haunt of wood-gods. In one part, taking a sudden turn, it circles a little, delicious spot, forming it into a peninsula, called

called vulgarly, *the wheel of Lune*. Here once dwelt an ancient hermit; where his eyes saw nothing, nor wished to see any thing, except the sweet vale, in which he lived.

From the castle-hill, or rather from the church-yard, we had a very extensive view, composed of the grandest objects. Along the meadows below, the river Lune, now an estuary, and adorned with a variety of coasting vessels, (lessening to the eye, through it's several reaches,) hastens to the sea. In a mile or two, it enters the bay of Cartmel; which filled with the tide, presents a noble extent of water, ten or twelve miles across, bounded by the mountains of Furness; which extend through vast space; and then circling the head of the bay, form many a shooting promontory, and many a winding shore.

This extension of wild country we looked at with regret, knowing the many noble scenes it contained, which we had not time to visit. We were obliged to rest satisfied with forming imaginary pictures among the blue mists of the mountains. Our guide, an unlettered swain, pointed out, in the broad dialect of his country, the several spots—where the ruins of Furness-abbey lay sequestered in a lowly vale—where, far
to

to the west, Peel-castle, running boldly out into the water, commanded the entrance of the bay—where, deep beneath those purplish mountains, the lake of Coniston occupied a valley six miles in length—where Holker-hall; and Bardfey; and Conished, founded on the site of an ancient priory; and many other places of renowned situation, were all surrounded with scenes of grandeur; and each, as far as we could judge from our intelligence, with scenes peculiar to itself.

From Lancaster, in our rout to Kendal, the country, every step, becomes more characteristic. High, shelving grounds arise on the right; and on the left, at every opening, we have different views of the bay of Cartmel, and of the mountains of Furness. The fore-ground is every where adorned with large, detached stones; which indicate the rocks we approach.

A little beyond Burton we left the great road, and took a circuit of two or three miles to see the country about Milthorp, and Levens.

Cart-

Cartmel-bay branches here into a creek ; on the eastern side of which lies Milthorp ; a little coasting-port-town ; and near it Dalham-tower, in a pleasant park, defended by a hill from the sea-air. All around we have beautiful views, consisting of woody fore-grounds, and of distances composed of different parts of this little estuary, and it's appendant mountains.

As we proceeded higher up the creek, the views, increased in beauty. About Levens, a seat of the earl of Suffolk, there is a happy combination of every thing that is *lovely* and *great* in landscape. It stands at the head of the creek, upon the Kenet, a wild romantic stream, which rushes into the tide, a little below. The house, encompassed with hilly grounds, is well screened from the pernicious effects of the sea-air. But we did not ride up to it. The woods with which it abounds, we were told, grow luxuriantly ; and the views at hand are as pleasing, as those at a distance, are great ; which consist of a lengthened beach of sand along the creek ; and of Whitbarrow-cragg, a rough, and very picturesque promontory ; with other high lands, shooting into the bay.

Among

Among the beautiful objects of distance, we consider a winding sand-beach, especially when seen from a woody fore-ground. It's hue, amid the verdure of foliage, is a pleasant, chastifying tint. When the tide flows, the sands change their appearance, and take the still more pleasing form of a noble lake.

Levens is at present in a neglected state: but is certainly capable of being made equal to almost any scene in England.

From hence we proceeded to Kendal; situated in a wild, unpleasant country, which contains no striking objects; and cannot be formed into any of those pleasing combinations, which constitute a picture. Here and there a view may be found; though but seldom. The castle, which is a mere ruin, is in some situations, especially near the bridge, a good object.

Between Kendal and Ambleside, the wood increases in grandeur; but the scenery is still undetermined. The whole is a sort of confused greatness.

As

As we descend to the left, we approach Windermere, where a different species of country succeeds. The wild mountains, which were so ill-massed, and of a kind so unaccommodating to landscape, are left behind; and the road dips into a lovely sylvan scene, leading interchangeably through close groves, under wooded hills, and along the banks of the lake.

SECT.

S E C T. VI.

WE had now arrived on the confines of those romantic scenes, which were the principal inducement to this tour. Here therefore we proposed to make some pause; and pay a little more attention to the country, than a hasty passage through it, would allow.

But to render a description of these scenes more intelligible; and to shew more distinctly the sources of that kind of beauty, with which they abound; it may be proper, before we examine the scenes themselves, to take a sort of analytical view of the materials, which compose them——*mountains—lakes—broken grounds—wood—rocks—cascades—vallies—and rivers.*

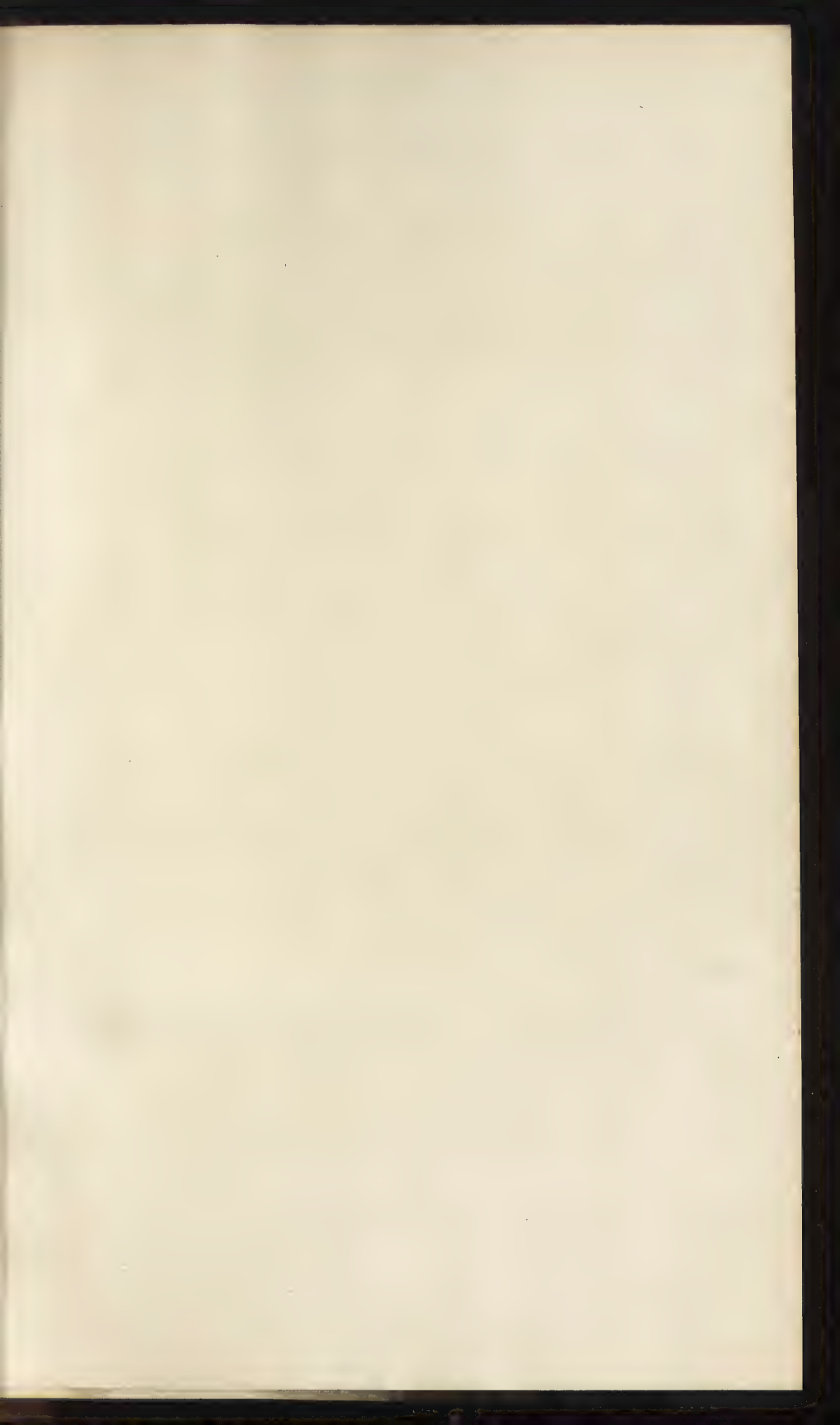
With regard to *mountains*, it may be first premised, that, in a picturesque view, we consider them only as *distant* objects; their enor-

mous size disqualifying them for objects at hand. In the removed part of a picture therefore, the mountain properly appears; where it's immensity, reduced by distance, can be taken in by the eye; and it's monstrous features, losing their deformity, assume a softness which naturally belongs not to them.

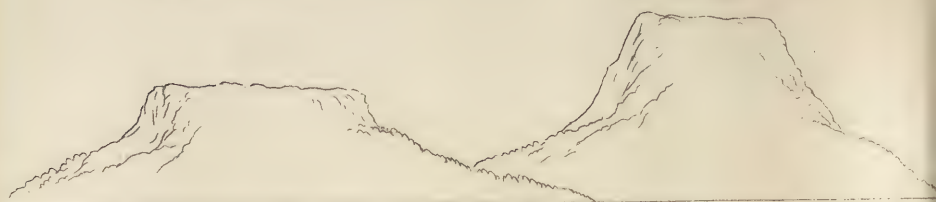
I would not however be understood to mean, that a mountain is proper only to close an *extended* view. It may take it's station in a second, or third distance with equal propriety. And even on a fore-ground, a rugged corner of it's base may be introduced; tho it's upper regions aspire far beyond the limits of any picture.

Having thus premised the *station*, which a mountain properly occupies in landscape, we shall now examine the *mountain* itself; in which, four things particularly strike us—it's *line*—the *objects*, which adorn it's surface—it's *tints*—and it's *light* and *shade*.

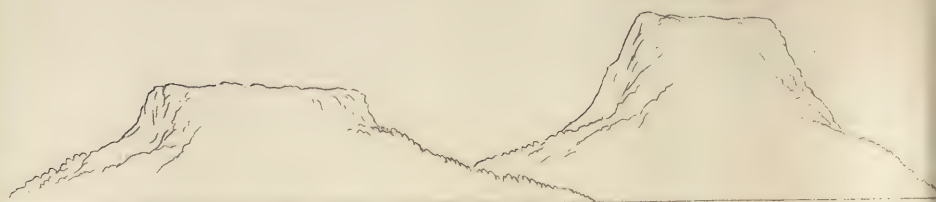
The beauty of a distant mountain in a great measure, depends on the line it traces along the



Burnswark



Thorp Cloud



Saddle back



Ups

Round swelling line, without any break



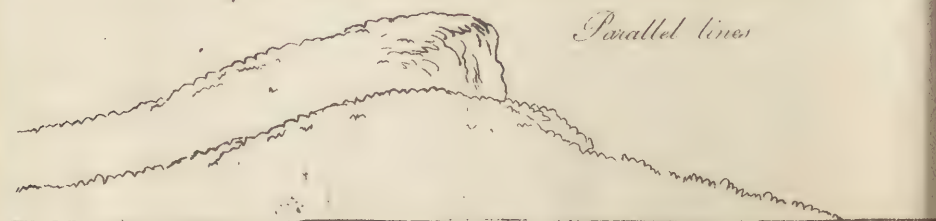
Easy line



Lumpish forms



Parallel lines



the sky; which is generally of a lighter hue. The pyramidal shape, and easy flow of an irregular line, will be found in the mountain, as in other delineations, the truest source of beauty.

Mountains therefore rising in regular, mathematical lines, or in whimsical, grotesque shapes, are displeasing. Thus *Burnswark*, a mountain on the southern border of Scotland; *Thorpe-Cloud*, near Dovedale in Derbyshire, especially when seen from the garden at Ilam; and a mountain in Cumberland, which from it's peculiar appearance in some situations, takes the name of *Saddle-back*, all form disagreeable lines. And thus many of the pointed summits of the *Alps* are objects rather of singularity, than of beauty. Such forms also as suggest the idea of lumpish heaviness are disgusting—round, swelling forms, without any break to disincumber them of their weight.

Indeed a continuity of line without a break, whether it be *concave*, *straight*, or *convex*, will always displease, because it wants variety; unless indeed it be well contrasted with other forms. The effect also of a broken line is bad, if the breaks are regular.

The sources of *deformity* in the mountain-line will easily suggest those of *beauty*. If the line swell easily to an apex, and yet by irregular breaks, which may be varied in a thousand modes, it must be pleasing.

And yet *abruptness* itself is sometimes a source of beauty, either when it is in contrast with other parts of the line; or when rocks, or other objects, account naturally for it.

The same principles, on which we seek for beauty in *single* mountains, will help us to find it in a *combination* of them. Mountains in *composition* are considered as *single* objects, and follow the same rules. If they break into mathematical, or fantastic forms—if they join heavily together in lumpish shapes—if they fall into each other at right-angles—or if their lines run parallel—in all these cases, the combination will be more or less disgusting: and a converse of these will of course be agreeable.

Having drawn the *lines*, which mountains should form, let us next fill them up, and vary them with tints.

The

The objects, which cover the surface of mountains, are wood, rocks, broken ground, heath, and mosses of various hues.

Ovid has very ingeniously given us the furniture of a mountain in the transformation of Atlas.

Jam barba, comæque

In sylvas abeunt; juga sunt humerique, manusque:

Quod caput ante fuit, summo est in monte cacumen:

Ossa lapis fiunt.——

His hair and beard become trees, and other vegetable substance; his bones, rocks; and his head, and shoulders, summits, and promontories.——But to describe minutely the *parts* of a *distant* object (for we are considering a mountain in this light) would be to invert the rules of perspective, by making that *distinct*, which should be *obscure*. I shall consider therefore all that variety, which covers the surface of distant mountains, as blended together in one mass; and made the stratum of those tints, which we often find playing upon them.

These tints, which are the most beautiful ornaments of the mountain, are of all colours; but the most prevalent are yellow, and purple. We can hardly consider *blue* as a mountain-tint. It is the mere colour of the intervening

air—the hue, which naturally invests all distant objects, as well as mountains. The late Dr. Brown, author of the Estimate, in a description, which he printed, of the lake of Kewick, very justly calls these tints *the yellow streams of light, the purple hues, and misty azure of the mountains*. They are rarely permanent; but seem to be a sort of floating, silky colours—always in motion—always in harmony—and playing with a thousand changeable varieties into each other. They are literally *colours dipped in heaven*.

The variety of these tints depends on many circumstances—the season of the year—the hour of the day—a dry, or a moist atmosphere. The *lines* and *shapes* of mountains (features strongly marked) are easily caught and retained: but these meteor-forms, this rich fluctuation of airy hues, offer such a profusion of variegated splendor, that they are continually illuding the eye with breaking into each other; and are lost, as it endeavours to retain them. This airy colouring, tho in sunshine it appears most brilliant; yet in some degree it is *generally* found in those mountains, where it prevails.

In the late voyages round the world, published by Dr. Hawksworth, we have an account
of

of the great beauty of the colouring observed on the peak of Teneriffe. “ It’s appearance at
 “ sun-set, says the author, was very striking.
 “ When the sun was below the horizon, and
 “ the rest of the island appeared of a deep black ;
 “ the mountain still reflected his rays, and
 “ glowed with a warmth of colouring, which
 “ no painting can express.”

The rays of the sun, which are the cause of all colour, no doubt, produce these tints to the eye ; yet we must believe there is something peculiar in the surfaces of some mountains, which dispose them to reflect the rays with such variety of tints. On many mountains these appearances are not observable ; and where the surface is uniform, the tint will be so likewise.
 “ The effect in question, says Mr. Lock, re-
 “ marking on this passage, is very familiar to
 “ me. I saw it almost every evening in Savoy,
 “ when the sun shone. It is only on the tops
 “ of the highest mountains, that the effect is
 “ perfect. Mount Blanc being covered with
 “ the purest snow, and having no tint of it’s
 “ own, was often of the brightest rose-colour.”

Having thus given the mountain a line ;
 filled it with objects ; and spread over it a beau-

tiful assemblage of tints; it remains lastly to throw the whole into light and shade.—He who would study light and shade, must repair to the mountains. There he will see their most magnificent effects.

In every object we observe a double effect of illumination, that of the *parts*, and that of the *whole*. In a building the cornices, the pilasters, and other ornaments, *are set off*, in the language of art, with light and shade. Over this *partial* effect are spread the *general* masses. It is thus in mountains.

Homer, who had a genius as picturesque as Virgil, (tho he seems to have known little of *the art of painting*) was struck with two things in his views of mountains—with those cavities and projections, which abound upon their surfaces—and with what he calls their *shadowing forms*. Of the former, he takes notice, when he speaks of a single mountain; of the latter, when he speaks of mountains in combination*. Now it is plain, that in both these cases

* Under the first idea he speaks of Mount Olympus, which he calls πολυπύχον, or *many vallied*.

Il. 8. 411.

Under

cases he was pleased with the effect of light and shade. In one the *partial* effect is marked: in the other, the *general*.

The cavities which he observed, and which are seen only from their being the deep recesses of shade, together with the rocks, and little projections, which are visible only from catching a stronger ray of light, contribute to produce the *partial* effect—that richness, and variety on the sides of distant mountains, which would otherwise be a display of flat, fatiguing surface. The objects themselves are formless, and indistinct; yet, by presenting different surfaces for the light to rest on, the rich and variegated effect, here mentioned, is produced.

The *grand masses* are formed by one mountain's over-shadowing another—by the sun's turning round some promontory—or by the transverse position of mountains; in all which cases the shadow falls broad and deep—sweeps over all the smaller shades, to which it still

Under the second, he speaks of that chain of mountains, which separate Phthia from the southern parts of Greece;

πολλὰ μεταξὺ
οὐρὰς τε οὐρανῶν

Many shadowing mountains intervene.

Il. i. 156.
gives

gives a deeper tinge; and unites the whole in one great effect.

It is an agreeable amusement to attend these vast shadows in their flow, and solemn march over the mountains—to observe, how the morning sun sheds only a faint catching light upon the summits of the hills, through one general mass of hazy shade—in a few hours how all this confusion is dissipated—how the lights and shades begin to break, and separate, and take their form and breadth—how deep and determined the shadows are at noon—how fugitive and uncertain, as the sun declines; till it's fires, glowing in the west, light up a new radiance through the landscape; and spread over it, instead of sober light and shade, all the colours of nature, in one bright, momentary gleam.

It is equally amusing to observe the various shapes, which mountains assume through all this variety of illumination; rocks, knolls, and promontories, taking new forms; appearing, and disappearing, as the sun veers round;
whose

whose radiance, like varnish on a picture, (if I may use a degrading comparison,) *brings out* a thousand objects unobserved before.

To these more permanent effects of illumination may be added another species, which arises from accident—I mean those partial, flitting shades, which are occasioned by floating clouds. These may sometimes produce a good effect; but they contribute as often to disturb the repose of a landscape. To painters however they are of great use, who are frequently obliged, by an untoward subject, to take the advantage of every probability to produce an effect.

SECT.



S E C T. VII.

HAVING thus considered the chief circumstances, which occur in *distant mountains*, let us now enlarge our view, and take in the *lake*, which makes the next considerable part of this romantic country.

The *fen*, the *pool*, and the *lake* would present very different ideas, tho magnitude were out of the question.

The *fen* is a plashy inundation, formed on a flat—without depth—without lineal boundary—of ambiguous texture—half water—and half land—a sort of vegetable fluid.

The *pool* is a collection of the soakings of some common; or the reservoir of the neighbouring ditches, which deposit in it's ouzy bed
the

the soil of the country, clay, or mud; and give a correspondent tinge to the water.

In some things the *fen* and the *pool* agree. They both take every thing in, and let nothing out. Each of them is in summer a sink of putrefaction; and the receptacle of all those unclean, misshapen forms in animal life, which breed and batten in the impurities of stagnation;

Where putrefaction into life ferments,
And breathes destructive myriads.

Very different is the origin of the *lake*. It's magnificent, and marble bed, formed in the caverns, and deep recesses of rocky mountains, received originally the pure pellucid waters of some rushing torrent, as it came first from the hand of nature—arrested it's course, till the spacious, and splendid basin was filled brim-full; and then discharged the stream, unsullied, and undiminished, through some winding vale, to form other lakes, or increase the dignity of some imperial river. Here no impurities find entrance, either of animal, or of vegetable life:

Non illic canna palustris,
Nec steriles ulvæ, nec acutâ cuspide junci.

From





From the brisk circulation of fluid through these animated bodies of water, a great master of nature has nobly styled them, *living lakes* :

—————Speluncæ,
Vivique lacus.—————

and indeed nothing, which is not really alive, deserves the appellation better. For besides the vital stream, which principally feeds them, they receive a thousand little gurgling rills, which trickling through a thousand veins, give life, and spirit to every part.

The principal incidents observable in *lakes*, are, their *line of boundary*—their *islands*—and the different appearances of the *surface* of the water.

The *line of boundary* is very various. Sometimes it is boldly broken by a projecting promontory—sometimes indented by a creek—sometimes it undulates along an irregular shore—and sometimes swells into a winding bay. In each of these circumstances it is susceptible of beauty; in all, it certainly deserves attention: for as it is a line of separation between land and water, it is of course so conspicuous a boundary, that the least harshness in it is discernible. I
have

have known many a good landscape injured by a bad water boundary.

This line, it may be further observed, varies under different circumstances. When the eye is placed *upon* the lake, the line of boundary is a *circular thread*, with little undulation; unless when some promontory of more than usual magnitude shoots into the water. All smaller irregularities are lost. The particular beauty of it under this circumstance, consists in the opposition between such a *thread*, and the irregular line formed by the summits of the mountains.

But when the eye is placed on the higher grounds, *above* the level of the lake, the line of boundary takes a new form; and what appeared to the *levelled* eye a circular thread, becomes *now* an undulating line, projecting, and retiring more or less, according to the degree of the eye's elevation. The circular thread was indebted for it's principal beauty to contrast: but this, like all other elegant lines, has the additional beauty of variety.

And yet, in *some* cases the *levelled* eye has the advantage of the *elevated* one. The line, which forms an acute angle from the *higher* situation, may

may be softened, when seen from the water, into an easy curve.

The *islands* fall next under our view. These are either a beauty, or a deformity to the lake; as they are shaped, or stationed.

If the island be round, or of any other regular form; or if the wood upon it be thick and heavy (as I have observed some planted with a close grove of Scotch fir) it can never be an object of beauty. At *hand*, it is a heavy lump: at a *distance*, a murky spot.

Again, if the island, (however beautifully shaped, or planted;) be seated in the centre of a round lake; in the focus of an oval one; or in any other *regular* position; the beauty of it is lost, at least in some points of view.

But when it's lines, and shape are both irregular—when it is ornamented with ancient oak, rich in foliage, but light and airy—and when it takes some irregular situation in the lake; then it is an object truly beautiful—beautiful in itself, as well as in composition. It must however be added, that it would be difficult to place such an object in any situation, that would be *equally* pleasing from every stand.

The *surface of the lake* offers itself last to observation. The several incidents, which arise here, are all owing to the sky, and the disposition of the water to receive it's impressiion.

That the sky is the great regulator of the *colour* of the water, is known to all artists.

Olli cæruleus supra caput astitit imber,
Noctem hyememque ferens: et *inhorruit unda tenebris*.

And again

Jamque rubescebat radiis mare, et aethere ab alto
Aurora in roseis fulgebat lutea bigis.

The effect indeed holds universally; as water in all cases, exposed to the sky, will act as a mirror to it.

In the darkness of a brooding storm, we have just seen, the *whole body* of the water will be dark: *inhorruit unda tenebris*.

In clear, and windy weather, the *breezy ruffled lake*, as Thomson calls it, is a shattered mirror: It reflects the serenity; but reflects it partially. The hollow of each wave is commonly in shadow, the summit is tipped with light. The light or shadow therefore prevails, according to the position of the waves to the
eye:





eye: and at a distance, when the summits of the waves, agreeably to the rules of perspective, appear in *contact*, the whole surface in that part will be light.

But when the sky is splendid, and at the same time calm, the water (being then a *perfect* mirror,) will glow all over with correspondent tints; unless other reflections, from the objects around, intervene, and form more vivid pictures.

Often you will see a spacious bay, screened by some projecting promontory, in perfect repose; while the rest of the lake, more pervious to the air, is crisped over by a gentle ripple.

Sometimes also, when the *whole* lake is tranquil, a gentle perturbation will arise in some distant part, from no apparent cause, from a breath of air, which nothing else can feel, and creeping softly on, communicate the tremulous shudder with exquisite sensibility over half the surface. In this observation I do little more than translate from Ovid:

Exhorruit, æquoris instar,
Quod fremit, exiguâ cum summum stringitur aurâ.

No pool, no river-bay, can present this idea in it's utmost purity. In them every crystalline particle is set, as it were, in a socket of mud.

Their lubricity is lost. More or less, they all flow *cum gurgite flavo*. But the lake, like Spencer's fountain, which sprang from the limpid tears of a nymph,

— is chaste, and pure, as purest snow,
 Ne lets her waves with any filth be dyed.

Refined thus from every obstruction, it is *tremblingly alive* all over: the merest trifle, a frisking fly, a falling leaf, almost a sound alarms it,

— that sound,
 Which from the mountain, previous to the storm,
 Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
 And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath.

This tremulous shudder is sometimes even still more partial: It will run in lengthened parallels, and separate the reflections upon the surface, which are lost on one side, and taken up on the other. This is perhaps the most picturesque form, which water assumes; as it affords the painter an opportunity of throwing in those lengthened lights and shades, which give the greatest variety and clearness to water.

There is another appearance on the surfaces of lakes, which we cannot account for on any principle either of optics, or of perspective.

When

When there is no apparent cause in the *sky*, the *water* will sometimes appear dappled with large spots of shade. It is possible these patches may have connection with the bottom of the lake; as naturalists suppose, the shining parts of the sea are occasioned by the spawn of fish: but it is more probable, that in some way, they are connected with the sky, as they are generally esteemed in the country to be a weather-gage. The people will often say, “ It will be no “ hay-day to day, the lake is full of shades.” — I never myself saw this appearance; o I might be able to give a better account of it: but I have heard it so often taken notice of; that I suppose there is at least some ground for the observation. Tho, after all, I think it probable these shades may be owing only to floating clouds.

From this great variety, which the surfaces of lakes assume, we may draw this conclusion, that the painter may take great liberties, in point of light and shade, in his representation of water. It is, in many cases, under no rule, that we are acquainted with; or under rules so

lax, that the imagination is left very much at large.

On the subject of *lakes*, I have only farther to add, that many bodies of water, under this denomination, are found upon the *summits* of lofty mountains. In this situation they are commonly mere basons; or reservoirs; and want the pleasing accompaniments, which adorn the lower lakes. Lakes of this kind are a collection of springs; and discharge themselves generally from their elevated stations in cascades.

SECT.

S E C T. VIII.

WE have now made a considerable advance towards a landscape. The sky is laid in; a mountain fills the offskip; and a lake, with it's accompaniments, takes possession of a nearer distance. Nothing but a *fore-ground* is wanting; and for this we have great choice of objects—*broken ground—trees—rocks—cascades—and vallies.*

In a *distance* the ruling character is *tenderness*; which on a *fore-ground*, gives way to what the painter calls *force*, and *richness*. *Force* arises from a violent opposition of colour, light, and shade: *richness* consists in a variety of parts, and glowing tints. In some degree, *richness* is found in a distance; but never, united with *force*: for in a *distance*; tho the *lights* may be strong, and the parts varied; yet

the shades and tints will ever be faint, and tender.

In the mean time, this opposition on the fore-ground, violent as it is, must always be subject to the *ruling masses* of light and shade, and colouring, which harmonize the whole.

The effect of this harmony is *breadth*, or *repose*. It's opposite is *flutter*, and *confusion*.

It appears therefore, that the management of fore-grounds is a matter of great nicety. In them a very contradiction must be reconciled: *breadth* and *repose*, which consist in *uniting the parts*; must be made to agree with *force* and *richness*, which consist in violently *breaking them*. And what adds to the difficulty, the eye, brought thus *on the spot*, is hurt by the minutest defect. Whereas, at a *distance*, an irregular dash of the pencil, if it be not one thing, may be conceived to be another: obscurity is there a source of beauty. —Hence it is, that many great masters, who can throw a distance into a pleasing confusion, and give it the effect of nature; have failed in exercising their art on a fore-ground.

Having

Having premised thus much with regard to fore-grounds *in general*, let us now examine the *fore-grounds*, which are presented to us in this very picturesque country.

Broken grounds are the first objects of our attention. Here they abound in every shape. The painter will easily find, either some rough knoll, whose parts are ample—the sloping corner of a hill, perhaps worn by a mountain-torrent—a rugged road, winding through the chasm of a rifted promontory—or some other part of nature equally grand and picturesque.

If he chuse to adorn his fore-ground with *wood* (and who does not?) he will find it in *some* parts of this country in a tolerable style of greatness. But, in general, the old timber is decayed, or cut down; and that sort of wood incouraged, which is the most profitable—such wood, as, in a course of time, is turned into charcoal. It has, in some degree, the effect of better trees in a distance; but it is very deficient, when we call for an ancient oak to give the fore-ground

ground a grandeur equal to the scene—when we want the magnificence of it's shadowing form to mantle over the vacant corner of a landscape—when we wish it to hide some heavy promontory; or to scatter a few loose branches over some ill-shaped mountain-line—when it's massy foliage is necessary to give depth to shade—it's twisted bole, covered with grey moss, to oppose the vivid green in it's neighbourhood—or, lastly, it's warm autumnal tint to contrast the colder hues of distance. In all these cases a deficiency of forest-wood is sometimes regretted in the scenery before us; but not often: and where it is, the loss is easily supplied by other objects; among which rocks are the principal: and these, when ornamented with wood, tho of a smaller size, have generally the effect of the most luxuriant foliage.

Rocks differ in surface; general form; and colour.

The *rock* naturally wears that *smooth* weather-beaten surface, which time gives it through a succession of ages. But rocks, firm as they are, are subject to change. Springs undermine them: torrents wash the earth from around them:

them: frosts loosen them; and sometimes they are torn by storms and earthquakes. Under these circumstances, when large masses fall away, the rock exhibits a *fractured* surface; which in general has a better effect, than the smooth one. Nature, in these instances, may be said to retouch her compositions: the fractured parts are larger and sharper; and better adapted to receive either smart, catching lights; or a body of light and shade.—An humble imitation of the surfaces of fractured rocks is sometimes exhibited in large coals: they may at least assist the imagination of a painter.

With regard to the *general form* of rocks, both species, the *smooth*, and the *fractured*, have equal variety. Both have their bold projections—both hang alike over their bases—are rifted into chasms—and shoot sometimes into horizontal, and sometimes into diagonal strata.

The *natural colour* of rocks is either *grey*, or *red*. We have of each kind in England; and both are beautiful: but the *grey* rock, (which is the common species in *this* scenery) makes the finer contrast with the foliage either of summer, or of autumn.

I call

I call *red*, and *grey* the natural *colours* of rocks; but more properly they are the *ground* only of a variety of tints. These tints arise from weeds, mosses, and lichens of various kinds, which uniting together on the surface of a rock, often make a rich, and very harmonious assemblage of colouring; and the painter, who does not attend to these *minutiæ* (we are considering *fore-grounds*) loses half the beauty of his original.

Among these lichens, the white species is the least pleasing. When mixed with other tints, it may form an agreeable contrast: and even, when it borrows no aid of this kind, if it be sparingly, and happily introduced, it may add a beauty to the natural colour of the *grey* rock, by giving it the brilliancy of a few sharp touches. But when it *prevails*; and spreads, like a bald leprous scab, over a *whole* surface, its mealy hue is very disgusting, unless it be thrown into shadow, or supported by some mass of foliage, or other vivid tint in contact with it.

Besides the species of rocks just described, there is another, called the *cragg*; which conveys the idea of a rock roughly pounded. With these shattered fragments whole sides of
moun-

mountains are often covered ; down which they appear continually to shiver. This species is very inferior to the former. It wants that breadth of surface, which gives dignity to an object. In a *distance* indeed, which melts the fragments into one mass, the effect is good : but in the situation, in which we are now considering rocks, as the appendages of a *foreground*, the *cragg* is meanly circumstanced.

The *cascade*, which is the next object of our observation, may be divided into the *broken*, and the *regular* fall.

The *first* belongs most properly to the rock ; whose projecting fragments, impeding the water, break it into pieces—dash it into foam—and give it all the spirit, and agitation, which that active element is capable of receiving.—Happy is the pencil, which can seize the varieties, and brilliancy of water under this circumstance.

In the *regular* fall the water meets no obstruction ; but pours down, from the higher grounds to the lower, in one splendid sheet.

Each kind hath it's beauties ; but, in general, the *broken* fall is more adapted to a small
body

body of water; and the *regular* to a large one. The small body of water has nothing to recommend it, but it's variety and bustle: whereas the large body has a dignity of character to maintain. To fritter *it* in pieces would be to destroy in a degree the grandeur of it's effect. Were the Niagara thus broken, at least if some considerable parts of it were not left broad and sheety, it might be a grand scene of confusion; but it could not be that vast, that uniform, and simple object, which is most capable of expressing the idea of greatness.

As there are few *considerable* rivers in the romantic country, we are now examining, the most beautiful cascades, (which are innumerable) are generally of the *broken* kind. The *regular* falls (of which also there are many) are objects of little value. Tho they are sometimes four or five hundred feet in height; yet they appear only like threads of silver at a distance; and like mere spouts at hand; void both of grandeur, and variety.—And yet, in heavy rains, some of them must be very noble, if we may judge from their channels, which often shew great marks of violence.—But I was never fortunate enough to see any of them in these moments of wildness.

These

These two kinds of cascades, the *broken*, and the *regular*, may be combined. If the weight of water be small, it is true, it will admit only the *broken* fall: but if it be large, it may with propriety admit a combination of both: and these combinations may be multiplied into each other with endless variety.

The *regular* fall admits also another mode of variety by forming itself into what may be called the *successive fall*; in which the water, instead of making one continued shoot, falls through a succession of different stories. Of this kind are many of the mountain-cascades in this country, which are often very beautiful; especially where the stages are deranged; and the water *seeks* it's way from one stage to another.

This is the species of cascade, which was the great object of imitation in all the antiquated water-works of the last age. Our forefathers admired the *successive fall*; and, agreeably to their awkward mode of imitation, made the water descend a *regular* flight of stone-stairs.

Before we conclude the subject of cascades, it may be observed, that, as in other objects of beauty, so in this, proportion must be a regu-

regulating principle. I shall not be so precise as to say, what is the exact proportion of an elegant cascade. Nor is it necessary. The eye will easily see the enormity of *disproportion*, where it exists in any great degree: and that is enough. Thus when a mountain-cascade falls four or five hundred feet, and is perhaps scarce two yards broad; every eye must see the disproportion: as it will also, when the whole breadth of some large river falls only two or three feet. Both would be more beautiful, if their falls held a nearer proportion to their quantities of water.

The last species of *fore-grounds* are *vallies**; with regard to which it must be remarked first, that *narrow contracted vallies* only are meant. The open valley must class itself among objects of *distant* scenery.

It must secondly be remarked, that even *contracted valleys* are not *purely* of the nature of

* Let it be observed, that the terms *vale*, and *valley*; denote universally, through this work, the greater, and smaller scenes of the same kind. I consider *valley* as the diminutive of *vale*.





fore-grounds, but *participate* of distance. One side-screen must necessarily be a little *removed*, if you would give your scenery the advantage of perspective.

These things being premised, we may consider the *valley* as a species of *fore-ground*; the ingredients of which Spencer hath given us in very few words.

Through woods, and mountains wild they came at last
 Into a pleasant dale, that lowly lay
 Betwixt two hills, whose high heads over placed,
 The valley did with cool shade overcast :
 Through midst thereof a little river rolled.

These ingredients admit great variety in composition. The sides of the valley may be high, or low; rocky, or woody; smooth, or full of jutting promontories: and these variations again may play into each other with a thousand interchanges.

When we find a concurrence of beautiful circumstances in these scenes—when their sides are well proportioned, and picturesquely adorned—and especially when they are so fortunate as to open on a rich distance; a lake bounded by a rocky mountain; or any other interesting object, they form a landscape of a very pleasing kind.

The rivers also with which these vallies scarce ever fail of being adorned, have the same variety as the hills; and may, now and then, be introduced very happily to assist the foreground. They are pure chrystalline streams—generally rapid—generally sparkling over beds of pebbles—often tumbling, and foaming over the ledges of rocks—and forming, through the whole of their course, a continuation of little bustling cascades.

Nearly allied to the *contracted valley*, is, what in *this* country, is called a *gill*; in *others*, a *dell*. It is a narrow cleft, winding between two rocky precipices; and overgrown with wood, which closes at the top, and almost excludes the day. Through the bottom foams a torrent. You hear it sounding in it's fall from one rocky stage to another: but it is rarely visible.

These romantic spots are generally imperious. When they are a little more open, so as to allow a narrow foot-path to stray among them, they are the most beloved haunts of solitude and meditation; and of all the parts
of

of this delightful scenery, afford the most refreshing refuge from noon-tide heat.

Such were the scenes the poet panted after, when they drew from his soul, oppressed by the languor of a summer-sun, that ardent aspiration ;

—————O quis me gelidis in *vallibus* Hæmi
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ !

How intimately acquainted with these scenes he was, his own very accurate descriptions shew.

—————Densis hunc frondibus atrum
Urget utrimque latus nemoris, medioque fragosus
Dat sonitum faxis, et torto vertice torrens.

Dat sonitum, says this accurate observer of nature ; remarking in that expression, that the torrent was an address to the ear, not to the eye.

The *contracted valley*, we have seen, may open to a *distance* ; but a view into the *gill* furnishes only a *fore-ground*. It can only consist of some little sequestered recess—a few twisted boles—a cascade sparkling through the trees—or a translucent pool, formed in the cavity beneath some rock, and just large enough to reflect the hanging wood, which over sha-

dows it. And yet even on this contracted scale,
we have many a beautiful landscape :

————— For nature here
Has, with her living colours, formed a scene
Which Ruifdael best might rival : crystal lakes,
O'er which the giant-oak, himself a grove,
Flings his romantic branches, and beholds
His reverend image in th' expanse below.
If distant hills be wanting, yet our eye
Forgets the want, and with delighted gaze
Refts on the lovely fore-ground—————

SECT.

S E C T. IX.

WE have now examined the materials, of which the magnificent scenery of this country is composed—the *distant mountain*—the *lake*—and the *fore-ground*: but a few general observations on these materials, as *united in composition*, may perhaps throw some new and picturesque lights on the whole.

In many countries much *grander* scenes are exhibited, than these,—mountains more magnificent, and lakes more extensive: yet, it is probable there are few, in which the several objects are better proportioned; and united with more beauty.

In America the lakes are seas; and the country on their banks, being removed of course to a great distance, can add no accompaniments,

Among the *smaller* lakes of Italy and Switzerland, no doubt, there are many delightful scenes: but the *larger* lakes, like those of America, are disproportioned to their accompaniments: the water occupies too large a space, and throws the scenery too much into distance.

The mountains of Sweden, Norway, and other northern regions, are probably rather masses of hideous rudeness, than scenes of grandeur and proportion. Proportion indeed in all scenery is indispensably necessary; and unless the lake, and its correspondent mountains have this just relation to each other, they want the first principle of beauty.

The value of lake-scenery arises rather from the idea of *magnificence*, than of *variety*. The scene is not continually shifting here, as on the banks of a winding river. The lake is so vast, that it stands still, as it were, before the moving eye. Nor is this attended with satiety. A quick succession of imagery is necessary in scenes of less grandeur, where little beauties are easily scanned: but scenes, like these, demand contemplation. These rich volumes of
nature,

nature, like the works of established authors, will bear a frequent perusal. Contemplation adds to their value.

In the mean time, with all this magnificence and beauty, it cannot be supposed, that every scene, which these countries present, is *correctly picturesque*. In such immense bodies of rough-hewn matter, many irregularities, and even many deformities, must exist, which a practised eye would wish to correct. Mountains are sometimes crowded—their sides are often bare, when contrast requires them to be wooded—promontories form the water-boundary into acute angles—and bays are contracted into narrow points, instead of swelling into ample basons.

In all these cases the imagination is apt to whisper, What glorious scenes might here be made, if these stubborn materials could yield to the judicious hand of art!—And, to say the truth, we are sometimes tempted to let the imagination loose among them.

By the force of this creative power an intervening hill may be turned aside; and a distance introduced.—This ill-shaped moun-

tain may be pared, and formed into a better line.—To that, on the opposite side, a lightness may be given by the addition of a higher summit.—Upon yon bald declivity, which stretches along the lake, may be reared a forest of noble oak; which thinly scatter'd over the top, will thicken as it descends; and throw it's vivid reflections on the water in full luxuriance.

The line of the water too, which perhaps is straight, the imagination will easily correct. It will bring forward some bold promontory; or open some winding bay.

It will proceed even to the ornaments of art. On some projecting knoll it will rear the majesty of a ruined castle, whose ivy'd walls seem a part of the very rock, on which they stand. On a gentle rise, opening to the lake, and half incircled by woody hills, some mouldring abbey may be seated; and far beyond may appear distant objects, under some circumstance of picturesque illumination:

The forest darkening round, and glittering spire.

Thus the imagination will assist those scenes, which, tho replete with beauties beyond it's power to create, may contain deformities,
which

which it might wish to remove. It corrects one part of nature by another; and composes a landscape, as the artist composed his celebrated Venus, by selecting accordant beauties from different originals. Scarce any *single* archetype is sufficiently correct. Any other idea of *improving* nature is absurd; and can be adopted only by men of false taste, who imagine they *improve* her by an addition of heterogeneous decorations.

As to the *improvement* of such *vast scenes* as these, it is in every shape, except by a little planting, beyond all power of art. I cannot therefore be understood to suggest improvement here. All we get by imagining, how such a country as this might be improved, is merely a little practice in the rules of picturesque composition.

We may remark further, that the power which the imagination hath over these scenes, is not greater, than the power, which they have over the imagination. No tame country, however beautiful, however adorned, can distend the mind, like this awful, and majestic scenery. The wild fallies of untutored genius
often

often strike the imagination more, than the most correct effusions of cultivated parts. Tho the *eye* therefore might take more pleasure in a view (considered *merely in a picturesque light*) when a little adorned by the hand of art; yet I much doubt, whether such a view would have that strong effect on the *imagination*; as when rough with all it's bold irregularities about it; when beauty, and deformity, grandeur and horror, mingled together, strike the mind with a thousand opposing ideas; and like chymical infusions of an opposite nature, produce an effervescence, which no harmonious mixtures could produce.

Surely there is a hidden power, that reigns
 'Mid the lone majesty of untamed nature,
 Controuling sober reason——

Were a lover of nature placed *abruptly* in the midst of such scenes as these, the effect might be too strong: and in this instance, as in others, he might discover the weakness of his first progenitor; in whom, on viewing suddenly a grand landscape, we are told,

So deep the power of those ingredients pierced,
 Ev'n to the inmost seat of mortal sight,

That





That Adam now enforced to close his eyes,
Sank down, and all his spirits became intranced.

But nature, which brings out the sun through the medium of twilight, hath in this case also provided for the weakness of the visual nerve. These grand scenes are *gradually* introduced. The idea grows imperceptibly to maturity. The great stones of yesterday become rocks to-day. Hills, in a few stages, are converted into mountains; and we see, now and then, the glimpse of a lake; before the eye is filled with the whole vast, splendid surface of it.

If the imagination be thus fired by these romantic scenes even in their *common* state, how much more may we suppose it wrought on, when they strike us under some *extraordinary* circumstance of beauty, or terror—in the tranquillity of a calm, or the agitation of a storm?

Some scenes, particularly of the sylvan kind, are perhaps best suited to a calm. They receive their principal beauty from the *richness* of the objects; which is improved by chearful and splendid lights.

Other scenes, less enriched by objects, are meagre in a calm, and glaring sunshine. A
bright

bright hemisphere only renders their poverty more apparent. To such scenes a storm, which produces sublime ideas by heaving clouds, and bursting lights, gives an adventitious consequence, and leads the eye, in it's pursuit of *objects*, to the *grandeur of the effect*.

But there are some scenes in nature, which are adapted to both circumstances—none more, than the scenery of lakes—none perhaps so much.

During five days, which we spent among the lakes, we saw one of them only, and that but once, under the circumstance of a *perfect* calm—when there was neither wind to ruffle, nor cloud to obscure, the resplendency of the surface—when we saw the poet's description literally translated—

Silet arduus æther :
Tum zephyri posuere : premit placida æquora pontus.

If an artificial mirror, a few inches long, placed opposite to a door, or a window, occasions often very pleasing reflections ; how noble must be the appearance, when an area of many leagues in circumference, is formed into one vast mirror ; and this mirror surrounded by a combination of great, and beautiful objects ? The majestic repose of so grand, so solemn,
and

and splendid a scene raises in the mind a sort of enthusiastic calm, which spreads a mild complacency over the breast—a tranquil pause of mental operation, which may be felt, but not described ;

Soothing each gust of passion into peace ;
All but the swellings of the soften'd heart ;
That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

When the mind has a little recovered it's tone, from the *general* impression of such a scene ; it feels a new pleasure in examining more minutely the several picturesque ingredients, which produced it—the stillness, and purity of the air—the strong lights and shades—the tints upon the mountains—the polish of the lake—and, above all, the reflections displayed upon it's bosom, when

————— spread,
Into a liquid plain, it stands unmoved,
Pure as th' expanse of heaven—————
And to the fringed bank, with osiers crowned,
It's crystal mirror holds—————

Other adventitious circumstances, of less value in *themselves*, but in *union* very picturesque, add new life, and beauty to so still a scene—groups of cattle in various parts, driven by the heats of noon, along the shores of the
lake

lake—and fishing-boats extending their nets in dotted circles, and forming tremulous reflections from their flaccid sails.

When we take a view of such a glorious scene in all it's splendor, we regret, that it should ever be deformed by the rough blasts of *tempest*: and yet I know not, whether, under this latter circumstance, it may not have a still greater *power over the imagination*. Every little idea is lost in the wild uproar and confusion of such a scene.

Nor is it in this disturbed state, less an *object of picturesque beauty*. The sky floating with broken clouds—the mountains half obscured by driving vapours; and mingling with the sky in awful obscurity—the trees straining in the blast—and the lake stirred from the bottom, and whitening every rocky promontory with it's foam; are all objects highly adapted to the pencil.

In the midst of the tempest, if a bright sun-beam should suddenly break out; and in Shakespear's language, *light up the storm*, the scenery of an agitated lake, thus assisted by the powers of contrast, affects both the *imagination*, and
the

the *eye*, in a still greater degree. Some broad mountain-side, catching a mass of light, produces an astonishing effect amidst the leaden gloom, which surrounds it. Perhaps a sun-beam, half-suffused in vapour, darting between two mountains, may stretch along the water in a lengthened gleam, just as the skiff passes to receive the light upon its swelling sail: while the sea-gull, wheeling along the storm, turns its silvery side, strongly illumined, against the bosom of some lurid cloud; and by that single touch of opposition, gives double darkness to the rising tempest.

Compared with such scenes, how inanimate do the subjects of Canaletti appear!—how flat his square canals, and formal street-perspective; when opposed to spreading lakes, and sweeping mountains!—the puny labours of men, to the bold, irregular scenery of nature! Nor can we help regretting the loss of such pictures as might have been produced, if Canaletti's free pencil had been thrown loose in such a country as this.

But these scenes are not only superior to the subjects of Canaletti; but to those of a greater master,

master, the younger Vanderveld. Sea-views, tho grander in some respects, are, on the whole, inferior to the views before us. Their great deficiency is the want of variety in their accompaniments. One species of them indeed, and but one, is superior to the utmost efforts of the lake—the segment of some land-locked bay; which, in a storm especially, is a noble subject: the waters are more agitated, and form bolder swells; which, of course, receive grander effects of light. Here too, instead of the dancing skiff, we are presented with the terrors of shipwreck. The beacon also, seated on a bleak eminence, marks the coast with peculiar danger; while the distant port-town, discovered by a gleam of light under the shadowing cliff, makes the scene still more affecting by the exclusion of hope within sight of security.

I have only farther to observe, in *general*, on the scenes of this romantic country, that they are subject to violent convulsions of various kinds. Every thing, here, is in the grand style. The very elements, when they do mischief,

chief, keep in unison with it, and perform all their operations with an air of dignity.

Upon some of the mountains, particularly on Crofs-fell, a blast, called in the country, a *helm-wind*, will sometimes arise suddenly, of a nature so violent, that nothing can withstand it's force. The experienced mountaineer, as he traverses those wild regions, foreseeing it's approach, throws himself flat upon the ground; and lets it pass over him. It's rage is momentary: and the air instantly settles into it's former calm.

These hurricanes are not uncommon in other mountainous countries. Mr. Misson particularly speaking of the mountains near Inspruck, tells us, that the winds often force their way through their hollow parts, as if through pipes, and raise such furious hurricanes, as will sometimes root up, not only trees; but even rocks.

The lake too is subject to something of the same kind of emotion; which the inhabitants of the country call a *bottom-wind*. Often,
VOL. I. K when

when all is calm, and resplendent around; as the boat is plying it's steady way; the boatman will descry at a distance (happy that it is so) a violent ebullition of the water. He will see it heave and swell; forced upwards by some internal convulsion; and suffering all the agitation of a storm. But as soon as the confined air has spent it's force, the agitated surface immediately subsides.

Of these *bottom-winds* also we meet with frequent accounts: particularly in some of the Sweedish lakes, which are very subject to them.

Something of this kind, seems to have given Spencer an idea, which he introduces in his *idle lake*:

The waves come rolling, and the billows roar,
 Outrageously as they engaged were:
 But not one puff of wind there did appear.

Often also a vast body of water, collected in the entrails of a mountain, it is said, will force a way through it's side; and rushing down the declivity, take it's course through the valley; where it is not uncommon to see the marks of it's devastation.

The

The same effects are sometimes produced by *water-spouts*, which, in countries like these, are collected, as at sea, and fall upon mountains.

The *avalanche*, or fall of snow, is common here too, as in other mountainous countries. Inundations also are occasioned by it's sudden melting.

But the fall of cliffs, and large fragments of mountains, loosened by rain, and frost, produces one of the greatest scenes of terror, which belongs to this romantic country; and to which we are chiefly indebted for that variety of fractured rock, and broken ground, which are among it's greatest ornaments. Virgil has given us a description of this kind in great perfection.

Qualis in Euboico Baiarum litore quondam
Saxea pila cadit;—————

—————ruinam
Prona trahit, penitusque vadis illisa recumbit.
Miscet se maria, & nigræ attolluntur arenæ.

Tum sonitu Prochyta alta tremit, durumque cubile
Inarime, Jovis imperiis, imposita Typhæo.

The *immediate effect* is first described

Miscent se maria, & nigræ attolluntur arenæ.

After a solemn pause, the grand ecchoes, and distant repetitions, lengthened out from the rocky scenery around, are nobly introduced.

Tum sonitu Prochyta alta tremit—durumque cubile
Inarime, Jovis imperiis, imposita Typhæo?

Having thus collected a few of those *general ideas*, with which the scenery of this country abounds, we shall now illustrate them in a tour through some of it's most romantic parts.

SECT.

S E C T. X.

AMBLESIDE is an ordinary village; but delightfully feated. A cove of lofty mountains half incircles it on the north; and the lake of Wynander opens in front; near the shores of which it stands.

The ground between it and the mountains, which are at least two miles distant, is various, broken, and woody. A mountain-torrent, about half a mile from the village, forms a grand cascade; but it was so overgrown with thickets, that we had no point of view to see it from, but the top; which is the most unpicturesque we could have.

From this fall the stream rushes along a narrow valley, or *gill*, luxuriantly adorned with rock, and wood: and winding through it about a mile, emerges near the head of the lake, into which it enters. This *gill* was

so overgrown with wood, that it appeared almost impervious : but if a path could be carried through it, and the whole a little opened, it might be made very beautiful. A scene in itself so pleasing, with a noble cascade at one end, and an extensive lake at the other, could not fail, to strike the imagination in the most forcible manner,

From Ambleside we set out for Bowness, to take a view of the lake. Part of the road we had traversed, the day before, from Kendal; and were a second time amused by the woody landscape it afforded; and it's sudden, interrupted openings to the lake, before the whole burst of that magnificent scene was presented.—From the higher grounds, above Bowness, we had an elevated view of it's whole extent.

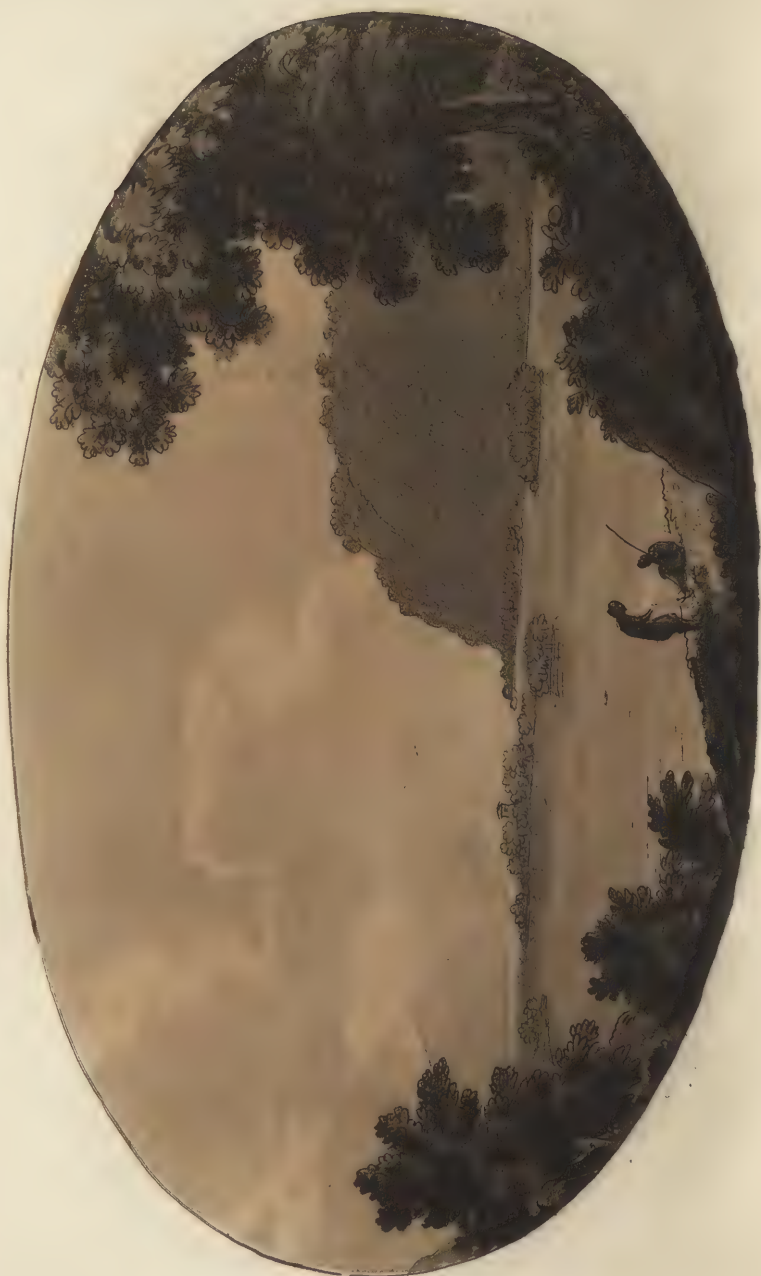
Windermere, or Winander-water, as it is sometimes called, extends from north to south, about twelve or fourteen miles. In breadth, it rarely exceeds two; and is seldom narrower than one. The southern end winds a little towards the west. The northern, and western coasts are wild, and mountainous—the eastern, and southern are more depressed; in
some



Windermere







some parts cultivated, in others woody. Opposite to Bowness, the lake is divided into two parts by a cluster of islands; one of which is larger than the rest.

Bowness is the capital port-town on the lake; if we may adopt a dignified style, which the grandeur of the country naturally suggests. It is the great mart for fish, and charcoal; both which commodities are largely imported here; and carried by land into the country. It's harbour is crowded with vessels of various kinds; some of which are used merely as pleasure-boats in navigating the lake.—In one of these we embarked, and standing out to sea; made for the great island; which we were informed was a very interesting scene.

We soon arrived at it; and landing at the south end, we ordered our boat to meet us at the north point; meaning to traverse it's little boundaries.

A more sequestered spot cannot easily be conceived. Nothing can be more excluded from the noise, and interruption of life; or abound with a greater variety of those circumstances, which make retirement pleasing.

The whole island contains about thirty acres. It's form is oblong: it's shores irregular; retiring into bays, and broken into creeks.

The surface too is uneven; and a sort of little Appennine ridge runs through the middle of it; falling down, in all shapes, into the water. —Like it's great mother-island, the southern part wears a smoother aspect, than the northern, which is broken, and rocky.

Formerly the whole island was one entire grove. At present, it is rather bare of wood; tho there are some large oaks upon it.

One of it's greatest beauties arises from that irregular little Appennine, just mentioned, which extends from one end to the other. This circumstance hides it's *insularity*, by connecting it with the continent. In every part, except on the high grounds, you stand in an amphitheatre composed of the noblest objects; and the lake performing the office of a sunk fence, the grandeur of each part of the continent is called in, by turns, to aid the insignificance of the island.

The oblong form also of the lake gives the island another great advantage. On both it's *sides*, the opposite shores of the continent are little more than half a mile distant: but at the northern and southern *points* there is a large sheet of water. The views therefore, as you walk round, are continually changing
through

through all the varieties of *distance*; which are still farther improved by a little degree of obliquity, in the position of the island.

He who should take upon him to ornament such a scene as this, would have only to conduct his walk and plantations, so as to take advantage of the grand parts of the continent around him;—to hide what is offensive—and, amidst a choice of great and picturesque scenes, to avoid shewing too much. As he would have, at all times, an exuberance of water, he should not be ostentatious in displaying it. It would be a relief to the eye sometimes to exclude it wholly; and to introduce a mere sylvan scene, with distant mountains rising above it. A transient glance of the water, with some well-chosen objects beyond it, would often also have a good effect; and sometimes a grand expansion of the whole. —Thus the objects around, tho unmanageable in themselves, might be brought under command by the assistance of an insular situation.

With regard to the *ornamenting* of such a scene, an elegant *neatness* is all the improver should

should aim at. Amidst these grand objects of nature, it would be absurd to catch the eye with the *affected* decorations of art. The simple idea he would desire to preserve, is, what the place itself suggests, a sequestered retreat. The *boundaries* should in a great measure be thicket—on the eastern coast especially, which is opposed to the only cultivated part of the country: and if there be any thing in that part worth giving to the eye, it might be given through some *unaffected* opening.

For thickets, the wild wood of the country would abundantly suffice. It grows luxuriantly, and would soon produce it's effect.

The middle parts of the island, with a few clumps properly disposed, might be neat pasturage, with flocks, and herds; which would contrast agreeably with the rough scenery around.

The house, at present, stands too formally in the middle of the island. It might stand better near the southern promontory. The air of this sweet retreat is said to be very pure.*

This

* Since this view of Windermere island was taken, it hath been under the hands of improvement. The proprietor,
I have

This island belonged formerly to the Philipsons, a family of note in Westmoreland. During the civil wars, two of them, an elder, and a younger brother, served the king. The former, who was the proprietor of it, commanded a regiment: the latter was a major.

The major, whose name was Robert, was a man of great spirit, and enterprize; and for his many feats of personal bravery, had obtained, among the Oliverians of those parts, the appellation of *Robin the Devil*.

After the war subsided, Col. Briggs, a steady friend to the usurpation, residing at Kendal, under the double character of a leading magistrate (for he was a justice of the peace) and an active commander, held the country in awe. This person having heard, that Major Philipson was at his brother's house on the island in Windermere, resolved, if possible, to seize, and punish a man, who

I have been told, spent six thousand pounds upon it; with which sum he has contrived to do almost every thing, that one would wish had been left undone. It is now in other hands, which may probably restore it's beauty.

had

had made himself so particularly obnoxious. With this view he mustered a party, which he thought sufficient; and went himself on the enterprize. How it was conducted, my authority * does not inform us—whether he got together the navigation of the lake, and blockaded the place by sea; or whether, he landed, and carried on his approaches in form. Neither do we learn the strength of the garrison within; nor of the works without: tho every gentleman's house was, at that time, in some degree a fortress. All we learn, is, that Major Philipson endured a siege of eight, or ten days with great gallantry; till his brother, the colonel, hearing of his distress, raised a party, and relieved him.

It was now the major's turn to make reprisals. He put himself therefore at the head of a little troop of horse, and rode to Kendal, where Col. Briggs resided. Here being informed, that the colonel was at prayers, (for it was on a Sunday morning) he stationed his men properly in the avenues; and himself, armed, rode directly into the church. It is

* Dr. Bourn's hist. of Westmoreland.

said,

said, he intended to seize the colonel, and carry him off: but as this seems to have been totally impracticable, it is rather probable, that his intention was to kill him on the spot; and in the midst of the confusion, to escape. Whatever his intention was, it was frustrated; for Briggs happened to be elsewhere.

The congregation, as might be expected, was thrown into great confusion on seeing an armed man, on horseback, enter the church; and the major taking the advantage of their astonishment, turned his horse round, and rode quietly out. But having given an alarm, he was presently assailed as he left the church: and being seized; his girths were cut; and he was unhorsed.

At this instant, his party made a furious attack on the assailants; and the major, killing with his own hand, the man, who had seized him, clapped the saddle, ungirthed as it was, upon his horse; and vaulting into it, rode full speed through the streets of Kendal, calling to his men to follow him; and with his whole party made a safe retreat to his asylum in the lake.—The action marked the man. Many knew him; and they who did not, knew as well from the exploit, that it could

could be nobody, but *Robin the Devil*.——
Such are the calamities of civil war! After
the direful effects of public opposition cease;
revenge, and private malice long keep alive
the animosity of individuals.

SECT.

S E C T. XI.

HAVING thus taken a view of a place abounding with so many beauties, we found our bark waiting for us at the northern point; and setting sail, instead of returning to Bowness, we stood for Ambleside. We could have wished to navigate the whole lake; but it was too great an undertaking for measured time; and we contented ourselves with going in quest of the beauties of it's northern division.

As we left the island, the scene opening on every side, we found ourselves surrounded with objects of great magnificence.

On the western coast ran a continuous range of craggy mountains, thinly scattered over with trees, which had formerly overspread it. It is a part of Furness-fell; the whole of which
we

we had before seen, in one vast combination of distant mountains, bounding our view over the bay of Cartmel. The part we now saw stretches about two leagues along the lake.

On the eastern side, we passed several small islands, some of which were well-wooded; others were mere rocks with low, twisted trees bursting from their crevices; all of them probably worth visiting, if our time had allowed. Through the openings of these islands, we had partial views of the eastern coast; till having advanced further through this little archipelago into the body of the lake, the whole eastern skreen opened to the eye—This side, tho less magnificent than the mountains of Furness on the left, contains however more variety. It is broken into hills; some of which are cultivated, and others covered with wood.

But, on the whole, neither of these side-screens is an object purely *picturesque*. The western shore is great indeed; but it is an unvaried mass of heavy greatness. The eastern is broken too much, and wants both unity and grandeur. When we rode through it in the morning, it made an admirable *fore-ground* in almost every part: but we now found it less qualified as a *distance*.

The

The side-screens however are the least essential parts of this vast scene. The front is the capital part—that part, on which the eye immediately settles. It consists of that immense body of barrier mountains, which separate the two counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland; appearing in this view to be drawn up in a sort of tumultuary array, mountain beyond mountain, as far as the eye could reach.

As we advanced in our voyage, this great division of the lake (from the islands to it's northern point,) tho really oblong, assumed the form of a vast circular bason: and the rough mountains, arising round it, appeared, from so splended an area, with new grandeur. Indeed contrast gave an additional force to the character of each.

This great scene however, surveyed thus from a centre, was rather amusing, than picturesque. It was too extensive for the painter's use. A small portion of the circle, reduced to paper, or canvas, could have conveyed no idea; and a large segment would have exceeded all the powers of the pallet.

It is certainly an error in landscape-painting, to comprehend too much. It turns a picture into a map. Nothing is more delusive, than to suppose, that every view, which pleases in nature, will please in painting. In nature, the pleasure arises from the eye's roaming from one passage to another; and making it's remarks on each. In painting, (as the eye is there confined within certain limits,) it arises from seeing some select spot adorned agreeably to the rules of art. And the painter, who wishes to make a pleasing composition, must not include more than he can thus adorn. His fore-ground, and his distance must bear a proportion to each other; which cannot be the case, if he include a vast compass. For as he can only take in a *certain* quantity of fore-ground; the removed parts of his picture should bear a proper proportion to it. Well-managed exceptions may be found: yet still, in general, the rule is good.

But altho the whole of the amphitheatre we are now surveying, was, in it's full dimensions, no subject for a picture; yet it exhibited many parts which, as distances, were purely picturesque; and afforded an admirable collection of mountain studies for a painter. I speak
par-

particularly of the front skreen, in which the lines of the mountains were beautiful, and various—the intersections also of those lines—the promontories; with the deep shades they projected—and above all, the mountain colouring, which was the most splendid we had ever seen. Airy tints of vivid yellow, green, and purple, we could prismatically separate. Bright spots of effulgence also appeared; which could not well be denominated of any colour. Yet all, tho displayed in such rich profusion, were blended with such nice harmony; and tempered so modestly by the grey mistiness of distance; that gorgeous as these hues were, there was not a single colour, that glared, or was out of place.

For who can paint
 Like nature? Can imagination boast,
 Amidst it's gay creation, hues like her's?
 Or can it mix them with that matchless skill
 And lose them in each other?

We had now made a considerable progress in our voyage. The side-screen on the left, kept still the same distance; but the mountains in front, as we approached them, began now to separate into near, and distant grounds:

and the rocks and woods, which, in the painter's language, *adhered* before; now *broke away* in a variety of projections; tho still o'erspread with soft colouring, and tender shadow.

As we approached nearer, this softness of colouring took a more vivid hue; and the promontories, and rocks continued still projecting to the eye with new force of shade: while the mountains, which ranged behind, began more and more to retire. The length of the lake, tho it affected the nearer grounds, made no change in the distant mountains: so that the comparative distance between the foreground and them, was now much greater, than it had been.

An appearance of this kind is beautifully described by Virgil. When Æneas came in sight of Italy, he first saw a hazy appearance of hills, and low land;

—————procul obscuros colles, humilemque videmus
Italiam—————

On a nearer approach, he discovered the temple of Minerva, which, being seated on
high

high ground, seemed, as if it stood on a promontory hanging over the sea.

———Templum apparet in arce Minervæ.

But as he came close in with the land, the rocks took their proper form; and the temple retreated to a distance.

———Gemino demittunt brachia muro
Turriti scopuli; refugitque a litore templum.

As we approached the end of the lake, the promontories and rocks assumed new height; and almost hid the mountains, which continued to retire beyond them; while the form of the nearer grounds began also to vary. The water, which, a little before, seemed in contact with the rocks, appeared now to wash a meadow; beyond which the rocks formed a first distance.

The scenery put us in mind of Berghem; who often chose a meadow, with a rock behind it, to relieve his cattle. His rock is generally left plain, and simple, almost without a single varying tint; a mere mass of tender shadow: while the cattle are touched with infinite force and spirit. We saw the picture realized. Berghem's imagination could not

have formed a better back-ground, nor a more beautiful group. Such combinations are pleasing in life, in painting, and in poetry.

On the grassy bank
 Some ruminating lie, while others stand
 Half in the flood; and often bending sip
 The circling surface. In the middle rears
 The strong, laborious ox his honest front,
 Which incomposed he shakes; and from his side
 The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
 Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
 Slumbers the monarch-swain, his careless arm
 Thrown round his head, on downy moss reclined;
 Here lay his scrip, with wholesome viands filled;
 There, listening every noise, his faithful dog.

Through the meadow at the bottom of the rocky ground, two rivers, the Bratha, and the Rotha, wind their way; and uniting before they meet the lake, enter it with a full, but quiet stream; and furnish it with large supplies.

The Rotha takes its rise from mountains about twelve miles distant; and forms the two lakes of Grafmer, and Rydal, before it enter Windermere.

The Bratha rises from the pike of Langdale, in a mountainous, and rocky country; and after

after a turbulent course, buries at length all its inquietude in the peaceful waters of the lake, where it's name is no more remembred.

Our boatmen having conveyed us a considerable way up these united streams, landed us on the meadows, within half a mile of Ambleside.

Before we leave this grand expanse of water, I cannot forbear remarking a few circumstances, that relate to it.

In the first place we admired its extraordinary brightness. It is all over *nitidis argenteis undis*. The eye can see distinctly, in smooth water, through a medium of at least a dozen yards; and view the inhabitants of its deep recesses, as they play in shoals, and

—sporting with quick glance
Shew to the sun their waved coats dropt with gold.

How far the transparency of water is an addition to a *scene*, I cannot take upon me to say. Most of the lakes in Scotland, which I saw, are of a mossy-tinctured hue; and yet had their full effect in landscape.—As a *detached object* however the transparent lake is

incomparably the most beautiful. I should suppose also, that the more brilliant the water is, the more brilliant are the reflections.

Among the great variety of fish, which inhabit the extensive waters of this lake, the *char* is the most remarkable. It is near twice the size of a herring. It's back is of an olive-green: it's belly of a light vermilion; softening in some parts into white; and changing into a deep red, at the insertion of the fins.

A parcel of char, just caught and thrown together into the luggage-pool of a boat, makes a pleasant harmony of colouring. The green olive-tint prevails; to which a spirit is here and there given by a light blush of vermilion; and by a strong touch of red, if a fin happen to appear. These pleasing colours are assisted by the bright silvery lights, which play over the whole; for nothing reflects light more beautifully than the scales of fish.

Char are caught only in the winter-season, when twenty dozen in a day, are sometimes taken by a single boat. In summer they retire to the rocky caves below, some of which are said to be unfathomable: nor do they breed
in

in any lake, in which such deep recesses are not found.

The char-fishing is a very profitable branch of trade to the proprietors of the lake. The whole area of it is divided into five districts. An invisible line crosses the surface from crag to crag—a limit, which the fisherman correctly knows. But tho the space of each fishery is nearly equal, yet the produce is otherwise; the fish running in shoals sometimes in one part of the lake, and sometimes in another.—When the farmer rents land, he can judge of his bargain by the surface. When he rents water, he must take his chance.

But fish are not the only inhabitants of this lake. Innumerable flights of water-fowl frequent it's extensive plain. The naturalist may declare their names, and classes: the painter has only to remark the variety of forms, in which they appear—sometimes fitting in black groups upon the water, rising and sinking with the waves: at other times in the air, circling the lake in figured files; or with hesitating wing seizing some station on it's banks, or surface.—With regard to these minute appendages

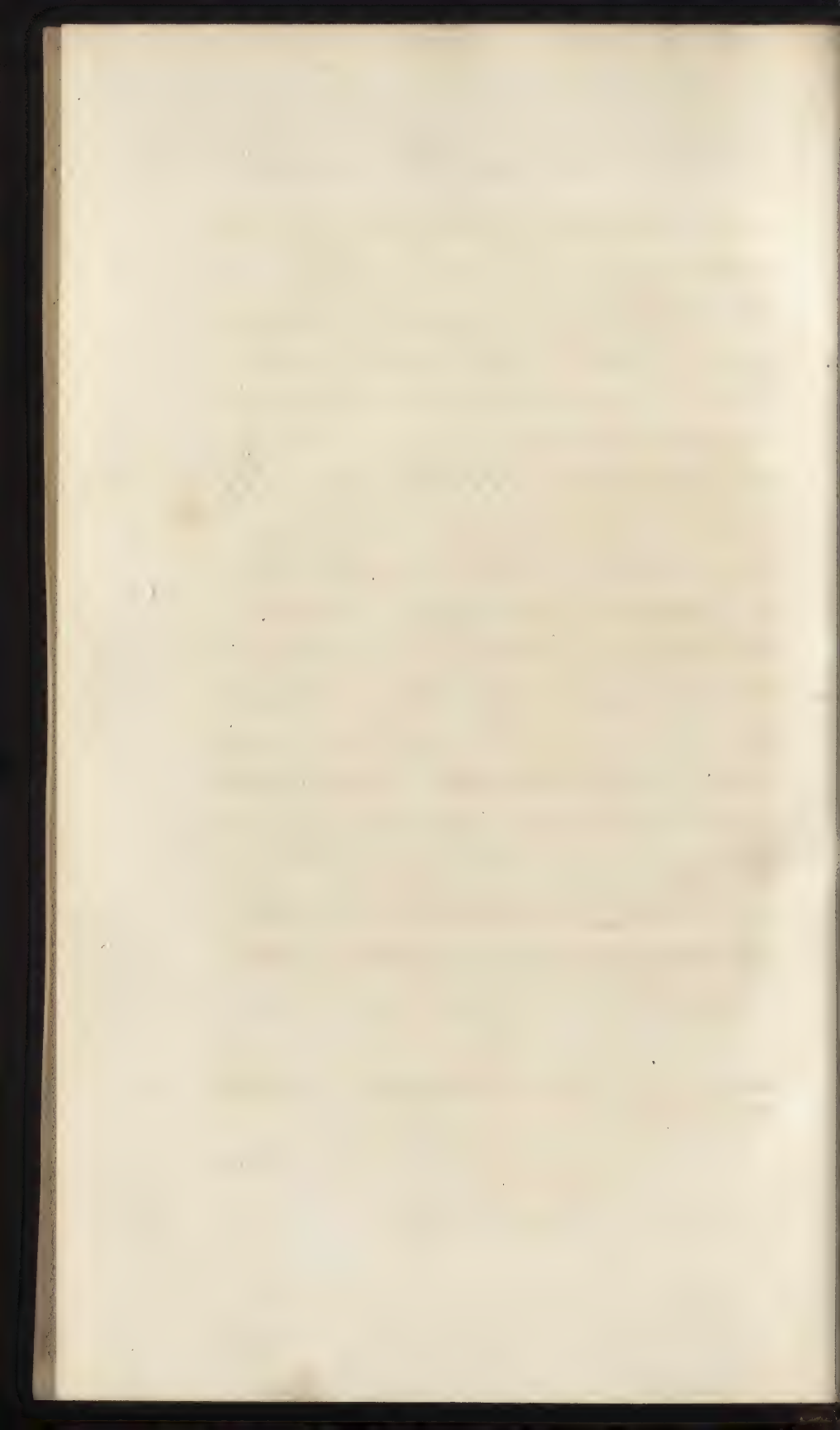
pendages of landscape, let me only suggest, that birds should never be introduced upon the wing, near the eye. Quick motion, of any kind, *represented*, is an absurdity: and the longer you look, the more absurd it becomes. But at a little *distance* the motion of a bird appears so slow, that the eye will *endure* a degree of improbability in the representation of it.

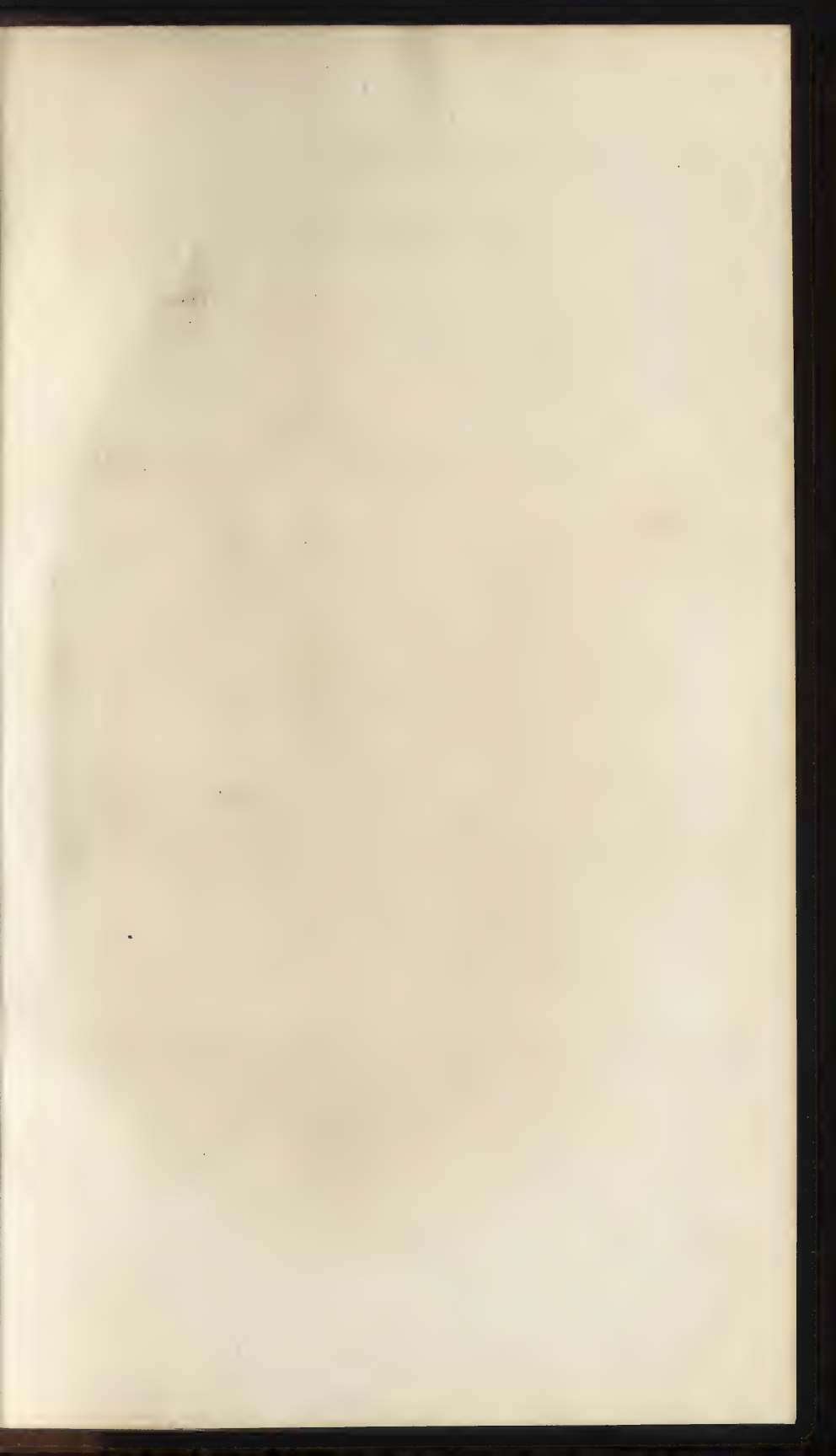
I have only to add, that this magnificent piece of water suffers little change, in *appearance*, from seasons; but preserves the dignity of it's character under all circumstances; seldom depressed, and as seldom raised above it's ordinary level——Even in the most violent rains, when the country is drenched in water, when every rill is swelled into a river; and the mountains pour down floods through new channels; the lake maintains the same equal temper; and tho it may spread a few yards over it's lowest shores (which is the utmost it does) yet it's increase is seldom the object of observation: nor does the severity of the greatest drought make any considerable alteration in it's bounds. Once, (it is recorded,) it

it rose seven feet in perpendicular height. It's boundaries would then certainly *appear* enlarged ; but this was a very uncommon case.

But if it be not raised by rains, it is often greatly agitated by winds. Of all the lakes of this country, none lies so exposed, through the whole length of it, to sudden squalls, as this : nor does any piece of fresh water in the whole island perhaps emulate the grandeur of a disturbed ocean so much. It is of course navigated with great caution, whenever there is a tendency to stormy weather. Many accidents have shewn the necessity of this caution : but one made such an impression on the country, as a century cannot efface. Several people in the neighbourhood of Bowness, having been attending a fair at Hawkshead, a town on the other side of the lake, had embarked, in the evening, on their return home. But before this little voyage could be performed, so violent a storm arose, that their boats foundered ; and no fewer than forty-seven persons perished*.

* This account is taken from Dr. Bourn's hist. of Westmoreland. It is probable these people might all have perished together in the ferry-boat.







S E C T. XII.

FROM Ambleside we proposed to set out for Keswick; being obliged, for want of time, to leave one scene behind us, which we wished much to visit—that of Furness-abbey. But the loss was in a great measure made up, and our curiosity satisfied, by the accounts and drawings of Mr. John Smith*, an ingenious young painter, who had been studying the ruins on the spot.

Furness-abbey lies about twenty miles from Ambleside, beyond those mountains, which range on the western side of Windermere. It is situated in a beautiful valley, in the midst

* This artist has had a principal hand in etching the drawings which accompany these observations.

of a wide, open, cultivated country, which rises every where in large swells; but is nowhere diversified by any objects of picturesque beauty. In so inanimate a scene we are surprised to find a valley of so different a structure; adorned with rock, and wood; through which winds a rapid stream.

At the entrance of this scene stands the village of Dalton; from whence the valley, winding about four miles in one large, sweeping, narrow curve, opens on a rich view of Cartmel-bay.

About a mile within the valley, in the widest part, stands the abbey. It seems to have been constructed in a good style of Gothic architecture; and has suffered, from the hand of time, only such depredations, as picturesque beauty requires. The *intire plan* of the abbey-church, and a large *fragment* of it, still remain. The tower in the centre, which seems never to have been lofty, is perforated with large arches. At the end of the western aisle stand the ruins of a low, simple tower, where the bells of the abbey are supposed to have hung: and from the south aisle projects a building, which is called the chapter-house. The cloysters are continued in the same direction;

rection ; one wall of which, and all the internal structure are gone. At the end of the cloysters arises a very rich and picturesque fragment, which is called the *school*.

Round the whole runs an irregular wall, which crossing the valley in two places, and mounting it's sides, makes a circuit of about two miles. In many parts it is hid with trees, or shrubs : in some parts, where it is discovered, it is beautiful ; and in very few, disgusting.

In this wall are two gates, one to the north, and the other to the west ; which seem to have been the only outlets of the place. That to the north has been the great entrance : the other has more the appearance of a postern with a porter's lodge.

The proprietor of this noble scene is lord George Cavendish, who is a faithful guardian of it, and, I am informed, takes care to prevent any further depredations.

From Ambleside we set out for Kewick, which is about eighteen miles farther north.

We were now about to enter the middle, and most formidable part, of that vast chain
of

of mountains, which I have before mentioned, as the barrier between Cumberland, and Westmoreland; and which promised, from a distant view, to present us with a great variety of very grand scenery. Our morning's voyage on the smooth expanse of the lake aided our present expedition with all the powers of contrast.

But before we enter these majestic scenes, it may be necessary to premise a distinction between a *scene of mountains*, and a *mountain scene*.

Mountainous countries most commonly present only the former. The objects are grand; but they are huddled together, confused, without connection; and the painter considers them only as *studies*; and forms them into pictures by *imaginary combinations*.

We sometimes however see a mountainous country, in which nature itself hath made these beautiful combinations—where one part relates to another, and the effect of a whole is produced. This is what I call a *mountain scene*.

Of

Of this latter kind is almost the whole road between Ambleside, and Kefwick. The mountains are *naturally* combined into scenes; which if not, in all parts, purely picturesque; are, in all parts, marked with the great lines of composition; tho often on too wide a scale for imitation.

The first object of our attention, on leaving Ambleside, was Rydal-hall, the seat of Sir Michael le Fleming. It stands on a rising lawn. On the north and east it is sheltered by lofty mountains. In front, towards the south, it commands a noble distance, consisting of the extensive vale of Windermere, bounded by the lake. The mountain, on the north, called Rydal-cragg, rising close behind the house, is high and rocky. That on the east, is of inferior size, but is covered with wood. Between these mountains runs a narrow, wooded valley; through which a considerable stream, falling down a quick descent, along a rocky channel, forms a succession of cascades.

One of these, tho but a miniature, is so beautiful both in itself, and in it's accompaniments, as to deserve particular notice.—It is

seen from a summer-house; before which it's rocky cheeks circling on each side form a little area; appearing through the window like a picture in a frame. The water falls within a few yards of the eye, which being rather above it's level, has a long perspective view of the stream, as it hurries from the higher grounds; tumbling, in various, little breaks, through it's rocky channel, darkened with thicket, till it arrive at the edge of the precipice, before the window; from whence it rushes into the bason, which is formed by nature in the native rock. The dark colour of the stone, taking still a deeper tinge from the wood, which hangs over it, sets off to wonderful advantage the sparkling lustre of the stream; and produces an uncommon effect of light. It is this effect indeed, from which the chief beauty of the scene arises. In every representation, truly picturesque, the shade should greatly overbalance the light. The face of nature, under the glow of noon, has rarely this beautiful appearance. The artist therefore generally courts her charms in a morning, or an evening hour, when the shadows are deep, and extended; and when the sloping sun-beam affords rather a catching,
than





than a glaring light. In this little exhibition we had an admirable idea of the magical effect of light picturesquely distributed.

On leaving Rydal, we entered a vast chasm between two mountains, which may properly be called a portal to the scenes we approached.

On passing it, we were presented with a grand *scene of mountains*; adorned by a lake, called Rydal-water, on the left; not indeed adequate to the greatness of the surrounding objects; but of such beauty, as immediately to fix the eye. In the midst of it is a rocky island, covered with wood. The little river Rotha, winding round a promontory, enters it on the north.

Leaving these scenes, we ascended a very steep hill; from the summit of which was displayed a prospect of desolation in a very dignified form. It was an amphitheatre of craggy mountains, which appeared to sweep round a circumference of at least thirty miles; tho in fact, perhaps it did not include half that space. But great objects naturally form a

wide scale of mensuration.—The soul involuntarily shuddered at the first aspect of such a scene.—At the distant part of it lay Grafmerlake; which being so far removed from the eye, seemed only a bright spot at the bottom of the mountains.

To this lake the road directly led. A nearer approach presented us with some beautiful views on it's banks; tho, on the whole, it's principal merit consisted in refreshing the eye with a smooth expanse of water, in the midst of such a variety of rough mountain-scenery. As we skirted it's limits, it seemed larger, than that of Rydal; and tho it appeared like a spot at a distance, became now the principal feature of this vast vale.

From hence the road led us into another amphitheatre, wild, and immense like the former; but varied greatly in the shapes of the mountains; which were here more broken and irregular; shooting, in many places, into craggy summits, and broken points.

And yet even these wild scenes, covered, as they are, with craggs, and scarce furnishing the least tint of vegetation, are subject to rights,
for

for which none but the hard inhabitant would think it worth his while to contend. You see every where their bare, and barren sides marked with partition-walls——stones without mortar, laid upon each other, crossing at right angles; and running down steeps, and along precipices, where the eye can scarce conceive they could have any foundation. All these *partitions of desolation*, as they may be called, have their inhabitants; each maintaining a few stunted sheep, which picking the meagre tufts of grass, which grow under the sheltered sides of craggs, and stones, earn, like their owners, a hard subsistence.

At the conclusion of this immense amphitheatre, into which we last entered, we found an exit, equal to the scene——another grand mountain-gap, or portal, through which the road carried us up another steep mountain——At the top we paused, and looking back on the scenes we had left, were presented with a view, which wholly filled the imagination.

It was a *retrospect* of the amphitheatre we had passed; but in a style still grander, than the prospect of it. It was more strongly marked with the great out-lines of composition; and was, of course, more a whole.

A wide vale, thrown by perspective into a circular form, lay before the eye. Here also the distant part seemed occupied by the lake of Grafmer; but a greyish mist left the idea ambiguous. Beyond the lake arose various mountains, which bounded it: and still beyond these, appeared the blue heads of other mountains. Those, which formed the side-screens of the vale, advancing forward from the distant mountains beyond the lake, approached the eye in a grand sweep, by the easy gradations of perspective. The promontories, and recesses, of the more removed parts were marked by a faint shadow; till by degrees both the side-screens, growing boldly on the eye, were lost behind the two cheeks of the craggy portal, which, with the road between them, formed a fore-ground equal to the scene. The whole view is entirely of the horrid kind, Not a tree appeared to add the least cheerfulness to it.

With regard to the adorning of such a scene with figures, nothing could suit it better than a group of banditti. Of all the scenes I ever saw, this was the most adapted to the perpetration of some dreadful deed. The imagination can hardly avoid conceiving a band of robbers lurking under the shelter of some projecting

jecting rock; and expecting the traveller, as he approaches along the valley below.

Nothing however of this kind was ever heard of in the country. The depredations of foxes, are the only depredations, to which the cottages in these vallies are exposed. Our postilion pointed to a rugged part on the summit of a rocky mountain on the left, which, he told us, was the great harbour of these animals. Here they bred; from hence they infested the country; and to this inaccessible asylum they retreated in the hour of alarm.

After we left the two amphitheatres, just described, we met with nothing very interesting, till we came to the celebrated pass, known by the name of *Dunmail-Raise*, which divides the counties of Cumberland, and Westmoreland.

The history of this rude monument, which consists of a monstrous pile of stones, heaped on each side of an earthen mound, is little known. It was probably intended to mark a division, not between those two northern counties; but rather between the two kingdoms of England, and Scotland, in elder times, when the Scottish border extended

beyond it's present bounds. And indeed this chain of mountains seems to be a much more natural division of the two kingdoms, in this part, than a little river in a champaign country, like the Esk, which now divides them. It is said, this division was made by a Saxon prince, on the death of Dunmail the last king of Cumberland, who was here slain in battle.—But for whatever purpose this rude pile was fabricated, it hath yet suffered little change in it's dimensions; and is one of those monuments of antiquity, which may be characterized by the scriptural phrase of *remaining to this very day*.

The entrance * into Cumberland presents us with a scene very strongly marked with the sublime; grander, tho less picturesque, than the amphitheatre we had passed. It is a vista of mountains pursuing each other, if I may so phrase it, through an easy descent

* There are three passages, over this chain of mountains, into Cumberland. This by *Amblefide*, is the wildest, and most picturesque. A second by *Brough* over Stainmore, is dreary, rather than wild; and a third by *Shap*, is both.

of not less than six, or seven miles; and closed at the distant end by Wyburn-lake, a considerable piece of water.

This scene is great in all it's parts; and in it's general composition. The mountains, of which the side-screens of this vista are formed, fall generally in easy lines, and range at the distance of a mile and a half, or two miles, from each other. But it is difficult to ascertain a distance of this kind: for as the mountain rises *gradually* from it's base, we cannot easily fix where it begins. It is enough to observe, that through the whole immensity of the view before us there appeared no disproportion.

Among the mountains, which compose this magnificent scene, there is one on the right, of superior grandeur; stretching, near a league and a half, in one vast concave ridge. This mountain is known by the name of *Helvellin*; with which three mountains only, through this vast region, dispute the point of altitude—Cross-fell—Grafmer—and Skiddaw. The inhabitants of it's environs give it universally for *Helvellin*: but, I believe, it is no where else treated with such respect.

Besides

Besides the general grandeur of this view, there is a wonderful variety in the shapes of the several mountains, which compose it. Nature's vistas are never formed by rule, and compass. Whenever she deviates towards a regular shape, she does it with that negligent air of greatness, which marks sublimity of genius. No attention to trifles characterizes her scenes. Her very regularities discover those strong touches of contrast, that range of imagination, which destroys every idea of sameness.

Of all the rude scenery we had yet visited, none equalled this in *desolation*. The whole is one immensity of barrenness. The mountains are universally overspread with craggs, and stones, which are sometimes scattered carelessly over their surfaces; and sometimes appear shivering in cascades of crumbling fragments down their sides. Helvellin, through all it's space, is one intire pavement. Nor is the view disfigured by the abundance of this more ordinary species of rock*. In it's vastness the parts coalesce; and become a

* See page 108.

whole.—The fractured rock, so beautiful in itself, is calculated rather for smaller pictures. Here it would be lost.

These vast regions, whose parts are thus absorbed in the immensity of a whole, have the strongest effect on the imagination. They distend the mind, and fix it in a kind of stupor :

—————these lonely regions, where retired
From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells
In awful solitude—————

We now approached the lake of Wyburn, or Thirlmer, as it is sometimes called; an object every way suited to the ideas of desolation, which surround it. No tufted verdure graces it's banks, nor hanging woods throw rich reflections on it's surface: but every form, which it suggests, is savage, and desolate. It is about two miles in length, and half as much in breadth, surrounded by barren mountains, and precipices, shelving into it in all directions :

—————A joyless coast
Around a stormy lake—————

And

And to impress still more the characteristic idea of the place, the road hanging over it, ran along the edge of a precipice.—One peculiar feature also belongs to it. About the middle of the lake, the shores, on each side, nearly uniting, are joined by an Alpine bridge. I did not observe any picturesque beauty arising from this circumstance: but rather a formality; at least from the stand, where I viewed it. A communication however of this kind rather increases the romantic idea.

Beyond Wyburn-lake we deviated into a mere *scene of mountains*. Nature seemed to have aimed at some mode of composition, which she had left unfinished; but it was difficult to conceive, what species of landscape she meant; a *valley*, or a *woody recess*; a *barren scene*, or a *cultivated one*. There was a mixture of all.

This miscellaneous passage however did not continue long. It appeared only a short interruption of the grand vista, from which we had deviated at the lake of Wyburn; and into which we now returned. Nature however seemed to have spent her force in her first effort;

effort; which was greatly superior to the second.

The thickets among these mountains, and indeed many other parts of the country, are frequented by the wild-cat; which Mr. Pennant calls the British tyger; and says, it is the fiercest, and most destructive beast we have. He speaks of it as being three or four times as large as the common cat. We saw one dead, which had been hunted on the day we saw it; and it seemed very little inferior, if at all, to the size he mentions.

By this time we approached Kewick; and from the descent of Castle-hill, at about two miles distance, had an extensive view of the whole country around that celebrated scene of romantic beauty.

Before us lay a plain many leagues in circumference, divided into two large portions; each of which is floated by a lake. *Derwent-water* overspreads the nearer; and *Bassenthwait*, the more distant. Surrounding the whole, rises a vast, circular chain of mountains; and towering

ering over them all, on the eastern side of the isthmus, stands the mountain of Skiddaw. We had heard too much of this mountain, to meet it properly: it has none of those bold projections, and shaggy majesty about it, which we expected to have seen in this king of mountains. It is a tame, inanimate object; except at such a distance, as smooths the imbossed work of all these rich fabrics; and where it's double top makes it a distinguished object to mark, and characterize a scene.— But if the mountain disappointed us; the scene, over which it presided, went beyond our imagination.

This rich, extensive view was aided, when we saw it, by all the powers (or, more properly, the resplendency) of light and shade. The morning had been fine: but in the afternoon the clouds began to gather, threatening rain. A heavy sky overspread the higher, and middle regions of the air with all the solemnity of gloom; dropping it's dark mantle to the skirts of the horizon. Just as we arrived at the brow of the hill, with the scenery of the two lakes, and their accompaniments before us, the setting sun burst forth in a glow of splendor.

If

If a *common* sun-set often gives a beautiful appearance even to an *ordinary* landscape; what must have been the effect of an *uncommon* one, on *such* a landscape as this—a sun-set not merely a *flood of splendor*, but contrasted by the fullest depth of shade? Here we had the beauties of the little summer-house scene, on the most extensive scale. The effect was astonishing. The whole was a scene of glory—but a scene of glory painted by the hand of nature. Tho every part glowed with transcendent lustre; the whole was in nicest harmony. But it was a transitory vision. While we gazed; it faded: and in a few moments nothing was left, but the great outlines—the grand composition of the scene. We should have stood over it even thus, in rapture; if we had not just seen what a splendid addition it was capable of receiving.

We have a grand picture from the pencil of a great master, of the close of such an evening.

As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
 Ascending, while the north-wind sleeps, o'erspread
 Heaven's chearful face; the louring element
 Scowls, o'er the darken'd landscape, snow or shower;
 If chance the radiant sun, with farewell sweet,
 Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,

The

The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley ring.

But Milton's ideas, I think, in general,
are rather musical, than picturesque. We
have the same picture by an inferior master;
tho a better colourist.

Thus all day long the full distended clouds
Indulge their genial stores——
Till in the western sky, the downward sun
Looks out effulgent from amid the flush
Of broken clouds, gay shifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
The illumin'd mountain; through the forest streams;
Glow on the lake; and in a yellow mist,
Spreads o'er the bright, interminable plain.

Here we have all the resplendency of light;
but not a sufficient balance of shade. Milton
gives the balance in the other scale. If
Thomson had introduced, like Milton, *the*
louring element scowling over his darkened
landscape, his resplendent tints would have had
their full force; and the effect had been com-
plete.

Keswick is the first town we meet with,
on our entrance into Cumberland; and tho a
place of no consequence; is however much
superior

superior to Ambleside. Between the two places there is a great resemblance. Kefwick stands at the north-point of Derwent-water ; which is the very point, that Ambleside occupies on Windermere. But the situation of Ambleside is more romantic, as it stands more in the middle of that chain of mountains, which separates the two counties. At Kefwick the roughnesses of the country are wearing off: for in a few miles beyond it, this great barrier ends.

Here we resolved to fix our head-quarters for a few days ; and from thence to visit such of the neighbouring lakes, and mountains, as had been most recommended to our notice.



Kefwick Lake

Valley of Newlands



Derwent

Valley of Borrowdale

Lodore

S^t Herbert's Island

Vicar's Island

Lords Island

Derwent

Kegwick

Valley of Newlands

Castellet



S E C T. XIII.

ON the 9th of June we set out on *horse-back* (which I mention, as it is the only conveyance the road will admit) on an expedition into Borrodale; a wild country south-west of Kefwick. Our road led along the lake of *Derwent*, which was the first object we surveyed.

But before we examined the particulars of this grand scene, we took a general view of the whole, from it's northern shore; which is the only part unblockaded by mountains. This is the isthmian part, which joins the valley of Derwent-water with that of Bassen-thwait. It was easy from the higher grounds of this isthmus to obtain the station we desired.

The lake of *Derwent*, or *Keswick-lake*, as it is generally called, is contained within a circumference of about ten miles; presenting itself in a circular form, tho in fact it is rather oblong. It's area is interspersed with four or five islands: three of which only are of consequence, *Lord's island*, *Vicar's island*, and *St. Herbert's island*: but none of them is comparable to the island on Windermere, in point either of size, or beauty.

If a painter were desirous of studying the whole circumference of the lake from one station, *St. Herbert's island* is the spot he should choose; from whence, as from a centre, he might see it in rotation. I have seen a set of drawings taken from this stand; which were hung round a circular room, and intended to give a general idea of the boundaries of the lake. But as no representation could be given of the lake itself; the idea was lost, and the drawings made but an awkward appearance.

Lord's

Lord's island had it's name from being the place, where once stood a pleasure-house, belonging to the unfortunate family of Derwent-water, which took it's title from this lake. The ancient manor-house stood on Castle-hill above Kefwick; where the antiquarian traces also the vestiges of a Roman fort. But an heiress of Derwent-water marrying into the family of the Ratcliffs; the family-seat was removed from Kefwick to Dilton in Northumberland.

As the boundaries of this lake are more mountainous than those of Windermere; they, of course, afford more *romantic scenery*. But tho the whole shore, except the spot where we stood, is incircled with mountains; they rarely fall abruptly into the water; which is girt almost round by a margin of meadow—on the western shores especially. On the eastern, the mountains approach nearer the water; and in some parts fall perpendicularly into it. But as we stood viewing the lake from it's northern shores, all these marginal parts were lost; and

the mountains (tho in fact they describe a circle of twenty miles, which is double the circumference of the lake) appeared universally to rise from the water's edge.

Along it's western shores on the right, they rise smooth and uniform; and are therefore rather lumpish. The more removed part of this mountain-line is elegant: but, in some parts, it is disagreeably broken.

On the eastern side, the mountains are both grander, and more picturesque. The line is pleasing; and is filled with that variety of objects, broken-ground,—rocks,—and wood, which being well combined, take from the heaviness of a mountain; and give it an airy lightness.

The *front*-screen, (if we may so call a portion of a circular form,) is more formidable, than either of the sides. But it's line is less elegant, than that of the eastern-screen. The fall of Lodoar, which adorns that part of the lake, is an object of no consequence at the distance we now stood. But in our intended ride we proposed to take a nearer view of it.

Of

Of all the lakes in these romantic regions, the lake we are now examining, seems to be most generally admired. It was once admirably characterized by an ingenious person,* who, on his first seeing it, cried out, *Here is beauty indeed—Beauty lying in the lap of Horror!* We do not often find a happier illustration. Nothing conveys an idea of *beauty* more strongly, than the lake; nor of *horror*, than the mountains; and the former *lying in the lap* of the latter, expresses in a strong manner the mode of their combination. The late Dr. Brown, who was a man of taste, and had seen every part of this country, singled out the scenery of this lake for its peculiar beauty†. And unquestionably it is, in many places, very sweetly romantic; particularly along its eastern, and southern shores: but to give it *pre-eminence* may be paying it perhaps as much too high a compliment; as it would be too

* The late Mr. Avifon, organist of St. Nicolas at Newcastle upon Tyne.

† In a letter to Lord Lyttelton, quoted above.

rigorous to make any but a few comparative objections.

In the first place, it's form, which in appearance is circular, is less interesting, I think, than the winding sweep of Windermere, and some other lakes; which losing themselves in vast reaches, behind some cape or promontory, add to their other beauties the varieties of distance, and perspective. Some people object to this, as touching rather on the character of the river. But does that injure it's beauty? And yet I believe there are very few rivers, which form such reaches, as the lake of Windermere.

To the formality of it's shores may be added the formality of it's islands. They are round, regular, and similar spots, as they appear from most points of view; formal in their situation, as well as in their shape; and of little advantage to the scene. The islands of Windermere are in themselves better shaped; more varied; and uniting together, add a beauty, and contrast to the whole.

But among the greatest objections to this lake is the abrupt, and broken line in several of the mountains, which compose it's screens, (especially on the western, and on part of the

the southern shore) which is more remarkable, than on any of the other lakes. We have little of the easy sweep of a mountain-line: at least the eye is hurt with too many tops of mountains, which injure the ideas of simplicity, and grandeur. Great care therefore should be taken in selecting views of this lake. If there is a littleness even amidst the grand ideas of the original, what can we expect from representations on paper, or canvas? I have seen some views of this lake, injudiciously chosen, or taken on too extensive a scale, in which the mountains appear like hay-cocks.— I would be understood however to speak chiefly of the appearance, which the lines of these mountains *occasionally* make. When we change our point of view, the mountain-line changes also, and may be beautiful in one point, tho it is displeasing in another.

Having thus taken a view of the *whole lake together* from it's northern point, we proceeded on our rout to Borrodale, skirting the eastern coast along the edge of the water. The grand side-screen, on the left, hung over us; and we found it as beautifully romantic,
and

and pleasing to the imagination, when it's rocks, precipices, and woods became a foreground; as it appeared from the northern point of the lake, when we examined it in a more removed point of view.

Nor do these rocky shores recommend themselves to us only as fore-grounds. We found them every where the happiest stations for obtaining the most picturesque views of the lake. The inexperienced conductor, shewing you the lake, carries you to some garish stand, where the eye may range far and wide. And such a view indeed is well calculated, as we have just seen, to obtain a general idea of the whole. But he, who is in quest of the picturesque scenes of the lake, must travel along the rough side-screens that adorn it; and catch it's beauties, as they arise in smaller portions—it's little bays, and winding shores—it's deep recesses, and hanging promontories—it's garnished rock, and distant mountain. These are, in general, the picturesque scenes, which it affords.

Part of this mountain is known by the name of Lady's-rake, from a tradition, that a young lady of the Derwentwater family, in the time of some public disturbance, escaped a pursuit
by





by climbing a precipice, which had been thought inaccessible.—A romantic place seldom wants a romantic story to adorn it.

Detached from this *continent* of precipice, if I may so speak, stands a rocky hill, known by the name of *Castellet*. Under the beetling brow of this natural ruin we passed; and as we viewed it upwards from its base, it seemed a fabric of such grandeur, that alone it was sufficient to give dignity to any scene. We were desirous to take particular notice of it for a reason, which shall afterwards be mentioned.

As we proceeded in our rout along the lake, the road grew wilder, and more romantic. There is not an idea more tremendous, than that of riding along the edge of a precipice, unguarded by any parapet, under impending rocks, which threaten above; while the surges of a flood, or the whirlpools of a rapid river, terrify below.

Many such roads there are in various parts of the world; particularly among the mountains of Norway and Sweden; where they are
carried

carried along precipices of such frightful height, that the trees at the bottom assume the azure tint of distance; and the cataracts which roar among them, cannot even be heard, unless the air be perfectly still. These tremendous roads are often not only without rail, or parapet of any kind; but so narrow, that travellers in opposite directions cannot pass, unless one of them draw himself up close to the rock. In some places, where the precipice does not afford footing even for this narrow shelf; or, where it may have foundered, a cleft pine is thrown across the chasm. The appalled traveller arriving at the spot, surveys it with dismay.—Return, he dare not—for he knows what a variety of terrors he has already passed.—Yet if his foot slip, or the plank, on which he rests, give way; he will find his death, and his grave together; and never more be heard of.

But here we had not even the miniature of these dreadful ideas, at least on the side of the lake: for in the steepest part, we were scarce raised thirty or forty feet above the water.

As

As we edged the precipices, we every where saw fragments of rock, and large stones scattered about, which being loosened by frosts and rains, had fallen from the cliffs above; and shew the traveller what dangers he has escaped.

Once we found ourselves in hands more capricious than the elements. We rode along the edge of a precipice, under a steep woody rock; when some large stones came rolling from the top, and rushing through the thickets above us, bounded across the road, and plunged into the lake. At that instant we had made a pause to observe some part of the scenery; and by half a dozen yards escaped mischief. The wind was loud, and we conceived the stones had been dislodged by its violence: but on riding a little further, we discovered the real cause. High above our heads, at the summit of the cliff, sat a group of mountain-eer children, amusing themselves with pushing stones from the top; and watching, as they plunged into the lake.—Of us they knew nothing, who were screened from them by intervening thickets.

As

As we approached the head of the lake, we were desired to turn round, and take a view of Castellet, that rocky hill, which had appeared so enormous, as we stood under it. It had now shrunk into nothing in the midst of that scene of greatness, which surrounded it. I mention this circumstance, as in these wild countries, comparison is the only scale used in the mensuration of mountains. At least it was the only scale, to which we were ever referred. In countries graced by a *single* mountain, the inhabitants may be very accurate in their investigation of it's height. The altitude and circumference of the *Wrekin*, I have no doubt, is accurately known in Shropshire; but in a country like this, where chain is linked to chain, exactness would be endless.

By this time we approached the head of the lake; and could now distinguish the full sound of the fall of Lodoar; which had before reached our ears, as the wind suffered, indistinctly in broken notes.

This

This water-fall is a noble object, both in itself, and as an ornament of the lake. It appears more as an object *connected with the lake*, as we approach by water. By land, we see it over a promontory of low ground, which, in some degree, hides it's grandeur. At the distance of a mile, it begins to appear with dignity.

But of whatever advantage the fall of Lodoar may be as a piece of *distant* scenery, it's effect is very noble, when examined *on the spot*. As a single object, it wants no accompaniments of offskip; which would rather injure, than assist it. They would disturb it's simplicity, and repose. The greatness of it's parts affords scenery enough. Some instruments please in concert: others you wish to hear alone.

The stream falls through a chasm between two towering perpendicular rocks. The intermediate part, broken into large fragments, forms the rough bed of the cascade. Some of these fragments stretching out in shelves, hold a depth of soil sufficient for large trees. Among these broken rocks the stream finds it's way through a fall of at least an hundred feet; and in heavy rains, the water is every way suited to the grandeur of the scene. Rocks and
water

water in opposition can hardly produce a more animated strife. The ground at the bottom also is very much broken, and overgrown with trees, and thickets ; amongst which the water is swallowed up into an abyss ; and at length finds it's way, through deep channels, into the lake. We dismounted, and got as near as we could : but were not able to approach so near, as to look into the woody chasm, which receives the fall.

Having viewed this grand piece of natural ruin, we proceeded in our rout towards the mountains of Borrodale ; and shaping our course along the southern shores of the lake, we came to the river Derwent, which is a little to the west of the Lodoar.

These two rivers, the Lodoar, and the Derwent, furnish the chief supplies of Derwentwater. But those of the latter are much ampler. The Lodoar accordingly is lost in the lake : while the Derwent, first giving it's name to it, retains it's own to the sea.

On





On passing this river, and turning the first great promontory on our left, we found ourselves in a vast recess of mountains. We had seen them at a distance, from the northern extremity of the lake. They were then objects of grandeur. But now they had assumed their full majestic form; surrounding us on every side with their lofty barriers; and shutting out, in appearance, every idea of an escape. Wild and various beyond conception were their shapes: but they participated rather of the desolate, than of the fantastic idea. From the bottom of the lake indeed they formed too great a combination of pointed summits. But here all these grotesque shapes disappeared. The summits receded far behind; and we only saw the bursting rocks, and bold protuberances, with which the sides of these enormous masses of solid earth are charged. Many of them are covered, like the steeps of Helvettin, with a continued pavement of craggs.

The winding of the Derwent was the clue we followed in our passage through these regions of desolation. An aperture between the

mountains brought us into another wild recess, where a similar scene opened; diversified from the first only by some new forms, or new position, or varied furniture, of the incumbent mountains.

As we doubled one promontory, another unfolded; and we found ourselves, not what appeared at first, a recess of mountains; but in a narrow, winding valley; the scenes of which, by quick transitions, were continually shifting. This valley so replete with hideous grandeur, is known by the name of the straits of Borrodale.

In the middle of one of the recesses of the valley lies an enormous stone; which is called in the country *Boother-stone*. Massy rocks of immense size, rent from mountains, are every where found: but this stone appears to be of a different kind. It does not seem to have been the appendage of a mountain; but itself an independent creation. It lies in a sort of diagonal position; overshadowing a space, sufficient to shelter a troop of horse.

Not far from hence arises a woody hill, called *Castell-cragg*; which is also detached from the scenery around it. On the summit of this hill, stood formerly a fortress, supposed to be of Roman origin; intended to guard this avenue into the country. After it had been relinquished by the Romans, it was occupied by the Saxons; and, after their day, it was given, with all the lands about Borrodale, by one of the lords of Derwent-water, to the monks of Furness. By these religious it was still maintained in it's military capacity; which is perhaps a singular instance of the kind. But as the Scots, in those days, made frequent irruptions even thus far into the country; and as the monks had great possessions to defend in the valley of Borrodale; where one of their principal magazines was established; the holy fathers thought it proper to adopt this uncommon measure. Besides their tythe-corn, they amassed here the valuable minerals of the country; among which, salt, produced from a spring in the valley, was no inconsiderable article.

We had now travelled three or four miles in this winding valley; which, as we advanced, began to assume a softer form. The hills became cloathed with verdure; and the little recesses of the valley, shaded with wood. These recesses also, which were before shut up, and confined by rocky barriers, now opened in different shapes; and many of them were pleasantly varied with wooded hillocks: while the stony banks of the Derwent, began to change into meadows; scanty indeed; but affording pasturage for a few cattle; and a pleasant tint of verdure, as a contrast with the rocky scenery in it's neighbourhood.

We were now in that part of the valley, which is *properly* called the valley of Borro-dale—a large, circular recess, consisting of much broken ground; and, except where the valley still pursues it's course, surrounded by lofty mountains; from which pour innumerable rills and torrents, tho little interesting in the scene, as objects of picturesque beauty.

In this deep retreat lies the village of Rothwait; having at all times, little intercourse with the country; but during half the year, almost totally excluded from all human commerce.

Here the sons, and daughters of simplicity enjoy health, peace, and contentment, in the midst of what city-luxury would call the extreme of human necessity;

Stealing their whole dominion from the waste;
Repelling winter-blasts with mud and straw.

Their scanty patches of arable land, and these cultivated with difficulty; and their crops late-ripening, and often a prey to autumnal rains, which are violent in this country, just give them bread to eat. Their herds afford them milk; and their flocks, cloaths; the shepherd himself being often the manufacturer also. No dye is necessary to tinge their wool: it is naturally a russet-brown; and sheep and shepherds are clothed alike; both in the simple livery of nature.

The procuring of fuel is among their greatest hardships. In most parts of the world

this article is sought either in pits, or on the surface of the earth. Here the inhabitants are obliged to get it on the tops of mountains; which abounding with mossy grounds, seldom found in the vallies below, supply them with peat. The difficulty lies in conveying it from such immense heights. In doing this they have recourse to a strange, and dangerous expedient; tho similar to the modes of conveyance, which necessity dictates in other mountainous countries. They make their peat into bundles, and fasten it upon sledges; on each of which a man sits, and guides the machine with his foot down the precipice. We saw many tracks along the sides of mountains, made by these sledges; several of which were four or five hundred feet high, and appeared from the bottom almost perpendicular.

After a long and fatiguing morning we refreshed ourselves at the village of Rosthwait on eggs, and milk; and they who cannot be satisfied with such a meal in a mountainous country, must carry their larder with them.

SECT.

S E C T. XIV.

FROM Rosthwait the valley pursues it's course towards the east; and losing again it's milder features, grows every step more wild, and desolate. After a march of two miles farther, we came to the village of *Satterthwait*, still more intrenched in mountains, than Rosthwait itself. Here, in the depth of winter, the sun never shines. As the spring advances, his rays begin to shoot over the southern mountains; and at high noon to tip the chimney tops of the village. That radiant sign shews the cheerless winter to be now over; and rouses the hardy peasant to the labours of the coming year.

A little beyond this scene of desolation, the Derwent, on whose banks we still continued, rushes down a long declivity between two

mountains. At the fall of Lodoar the higher level comes *abruptly* upon the lower: here, the two levels are united by a *gradual* descent. The streams of course taking the same modes of precipitation as the land, the Lodoar forms a perpendicular fall; and the Derwent, a declivous one. But the fall of the Derwent is more singular; and is the only one of the kind perhaps in the country.

And here I cannot help remarking the singular character of this mountain-stream. There is not perhaps a river in England, which passes through such a variety of different scenes. What wild, romantic channel it shapes, before it enter the vale of Borrodale, is to us unknown. There first we commenced our acquaintance with it. Its passage through that mountain-chasm, is marked with objects, not only great in themselves; but rarely to be found elsewhere in such interesting combinations.

From a mountain-stream it soon assumes a new character, and changes into a lake; where it displays the wonders, we have just seen.

From hence emerging, it again becomes a river: but soon forms the lake of Bassenthwait;
of

of form, and dimensions very different from that of Keswick.

Contracting itself again into a river, it puts on a character intirely new. Hitherto it has adorned only the wild, rough scenes of nature. All these it now relinquishes—rocks—lakes—and mountains; and enters a sweet delightful country, where all it's accompaniments are soft, and lovely. Among other places it visits the noble, and picturesque ruins of Cockermouth-castle; under the walls of which it glides.

From hence it passes to the sea, which many streams of greater consequence never meet under their own names; but are absorbed by larger rivers: while the Derwent, after all the astonishing scenes it has adorned, adds to it's other beauties, those of an estuary.

In this last part of it's course it visits Workington-hall, one of the grandest and most beautiful situations of the country. Besides it's hanging woods, and sloping lawns, it is remarkable for having been the first prison-house of the unfortunate Mary of Scotland, after she had landed within the dominions of her rival. Here the Derwent becomes navigable; and forms the best natural harbour in Cumberland.

I have

I have often thought, that if a person wished particularly to amuse himself with picturesque scenes, the best method he could take, would be to place before him a good map of England; and to settle in his head the course of all the chief rivers of the country. These rivers should be the great directing lines of his excursions. On their banks he would be sure, not only to find the most beautiful views; but would also obtain a compleat system of every kind of landscape. He would have no occasion to keep so close to the river he pursued, as not to deviate a little, for the sake of a beautiful scene. Castles and abbeys this plan would almost universally comprehend; for most of them are seated either on rocks, or knolls projecting into rivers; or in some sweet valley, which opens to them. Bridges of course it would include; which make a pleasing species of scenery. Mountains, and lakes I need not mention: the former produce rivers; and the latter are produced by them. It would also include sea-coast views; many of which are very interesting, when the estuary opens to
some

some beautiful, winding shore, with views of distant country.

I once attempted to analyze the Thames in this way. But I was obliged to divide so magnificent a subject. Indeed it naturally divided itself into three parts—from Oxford to Windsor—from Windsor to London—and from London to the sea. An imperial river, like the Thames, must be navigated; at least it's two lower divisions: but inferior rivers are best examined by an excursion along their banks.

We left the Derwent in it's declivous course between two mountains. One of them, under whose shadow the torrent pours, is called Eagle's-cragg; as it's tremendous rocks are the chief habitation of these birds; and seem to be considered by them as a fort of castle, which from time immemorial they have possessed. It is a common species of traffic in this country to supply the curious with young eagles; in the taking of which the inhabitants are very expert. They observe the nests from the bottom; and judging of the age of the young birds, they catch the opportunity,
when

when the old eagles are abroad, and let themselves down by ropes from the summits of the cliffs. We saw one which had been just taken. It was only six weeks old; and was nearly of the size of a turkey-hen. It seemed to have acquired already a full share of ferocity; and screamed violently, if we offered to touch it.

Many large birds we saw amongst these mountains, sailing about the air, which we imagined to be eagles: but one of our company, being a naturalist, bad us observe their tail feathers. If their tails were forked, they were of the buzzard species: the tail of the eagle is circular.

Among the anecdotes we heard in this country of eagles, one was rather curious —An eagle was seen at a distance, to pounce it's prey; which it carried, in a perpendicular ascent, aloft into the air; and hanging dubious for some time, it was at length observed to descend in the same direct line; and it's fall, as it approached, seemed attended with an odd, tumbling motion. The cause was soon discovered. It fell stone dead on the ground; and a weasel, which it had carried up, and which had had the address to kill

kill it's adversary in the air, being now at liberty, ran away.

We had accompanied the valley of Borro-dale as far to the east, as Eagle's-cragg. It stretches also to the west; tho in a more broken, and abrupt form.

Somewhat further, on this side, than Eagle's-cragg lies on the other, rise those mountains, where the celebrated black-lead mine is wrought. I could not help feeling a friendly attachment to this place, which every lover of the pencil must feel, as deriving from this mineral one of the best instruments of his art; the freest and readiest expofitor of his ideas. We saw the site of the mine at a distance, marked with a dingy yellow stain, from the ochery mixtures thrown from it's mouth, which shiver down the sides of the mountain.

During the periodical season of working it, for it is opened only once in seven years, many people pick up a comfortable subsistence from the scraps of black-lead, which escape amongst the coarser strata. These are honest gains. But a late prolific genius in fraud took a very indirect method of possessing a share

share of this rich mineral. A part of the mountain, contiguous to the mine, was his property. Here, at the expence of great labour, he sank a shaft, which he carried diagonally, till he entered the mine; where, with subterraneous wickedness, he continued his depredations for some time undiscovered. At length his fraud was brought to light; and he was tried at Carlisle. The peculiarity of his case had no precedent. He saved his life; but a law was obtained by the proprietors of the mine, to defend their property from such indirect attacks for the future.

The sun was now declining, and it was too late to take a nearer view of the mine: nor indeed did it promise more on the spot, than it discovered at a distance. Besides, the beauties of Watenlath had been so strongly represented to us; that we were resolved to go in quest of those scenes, in preference to any other.

Watenlath is that tract of mountainous country (itself surrounded by mountains still higher) which coming boldly forward, breaks down abruptly from the south, upon the vale
of

of Kefwick. The stream, which forms the fall of Lodoar, adorns first the scenes of Watenlath.

“ Which way to Watenlath ? ” said one of our company to a peasant, as we left the vale of Borrodale. “ That way,” said he, pointing up a lofty mountain, steeper than the tiling of a house.

To those, who are accustomed to mountains, these perpendicular motions may be amusing: but to us, whose ideas were less elevated, they seemed rather peculiar. And yet there is something unmanly in conceiving a difficulty in traversing a path, which, we were told, the women of the country would ascend on horseback, with their panniers of eggs, and butter, and return in the night. To move upwards, keeping a steady eye on the objects before us, was no great exercise to the brain: but it rather gave it a rotation to look back on what was past—and to see our companions below *clinging*, as it appeared, to the mountain’s side; and the rising breasts and bellies of their horses, straining up a path so steep, that it seemed, as if the least false step would have carried them rolling many hundred yards to the bottom.

We

We had another apprehension; that of mistaking our way. If a mist had suddenly overspread the mountain, which is a very common incident, we might have wandered all night: for we had not the precaution to take a guide. The question we asked of the peasant, at the bottom of the mountain; "Which *way* to Watenlath?" we found was a very improper one. We should have asked, in what *direction* we were to seek it? For *way* there was none; except here and there a blind path; which being itself often bewildered, of course, served only to bewilder us. The inhabitants pay little attention to *paths*: they steer along these wilds by *landmarks*, which to us were unknown.

At length however, after a painful perpendicular march of near two miles, and many a breathing pause, which our horses required, we gained the top. Here we expected at least to be rewarded by an amusing prospect over the neighbouring country. But in this too we were disappointed. We found ourselves in the midst of a bog, with still higher grounds around us: so that after all our toil, we had a view only of a vile circumscribed waste.

It

It was our business now to get out of this unpleasant scene, as soon as we could, which was a matter of no great difficulty. An easy, and short descent, on the other side of the mountain, brought us quickly to Watenlath. Here our labours were amply rewarded. We fell into a piece of scenery, which for beauty, and grandeur, was equal, if not superior, to any thing we had yet seen.

The first object we found was a small lake, about two miles in circumference, through which flows the Lodoar, and after a course of three miles farther, forms that noble cascade, which we had seen, in the morning, at the head of Derwentwater.

The accompaniments of this river, from the lake of Watenlath to it's fall, make the scenery, of which we came hither in quest.

It is a valley so contracted, that it affords room for little more than the river, and a path, at the bottom; while the mountains, on each side, are so perpendicular, that their summits are scarce more asunder than their bases. It was a new idea. Many mountains we had seen hanging over the sides of vallies :

but to be immured, through a space of almost three miles, within a chasm of rifted rocks, (for that was in fact the idea presented by the scene before us,) was a novel circumstance tho we had now been two or three days the inhabitants of mountains.

The form of this valley was very different from the valley of Borrodale. The one led us through a winding rout: the other is nearly a vista. Each hath it's mode of grandeur. The valley of Borrodale has more variety: but this is certainly the more majestic scene. The whole is only one vast effort. In point of immensity indeed it yields to the vista at the entrance into Cumberland. It is not so vast a *whole*: but being contracted within a smaller compass, we examine it's limits with more ease: and with regard to the grandeur and variety of the several *objects*, it loses nothing. As we stood *under* the beetling cliffs on each side, they were too near for inspection: their harsh features wanted softening: but we had noble views of them all in order, both in *prospect*, and *retrospect*. Not only the design, and composition, but the very strokes of nature's pencil might be traced through the whole scene; every fractured rock, and every hanging

hanging shrub, which adorned it, was brought within the compass of the eye: each touch so careless, and yet so determined: so wildly irregular; and yet all conducing to one whole.

When we arrived at the close of the valley, the grandeur of the scene increased. It opened into an amphitheatre, the area of which, like the valley, that led to it, was contracted; scarce containing the circumference of a mile: but the mountains, which environed it, were grand and beautiful.

In most of the scenes we had passed, we were obliged to look for contrast in the different modes of desolation: but here barrenness was contrasted with all the tints of vegetation. The mountains in front, and on the left, were covered with wood, which mantled from the top to the bottom. Those on the right were barren; yet broken so variously, as even in themselves to make a contrast. We admire the ruins of a Roman amphitheatre: but what are the most magnificent of the works of art, compared with such an amphitheatre as this? Were the Colosseum itself brought hither, and placed within this area, the grandeur of the idea would be lost;

and the ruin, magnificent as it is, would dwindle into the *ornament of a scene*.

At the entrance of the amphitheatre, another bright mountain-torrent joins the Lodoar from the east, and forms it into a more considerable stream. With increased velocity, (the ground growing every step more declivous) it now pours along with great rapidity; and throwing itself into the thickest of the woods, which close the scene, disappears. The imagination pursues it's progress. It's roar is heard through the woods; and it is plain from the sound, that it suffers some great convulsion. But all is close; impervious rocks and thickets intervene, and totally exclude the sight.

We indeed had been behind the scenes; and knew we were, at that instant, upon the summit of the fall of Lodoar: but the imagination of a stranger would be held in stimulating suspense. The grandeur of the sound would proclaim the dignity of the fall; and his eye would wish to participate of what his ear alone could inadequately judge.

Tho we had seen the fall of Lodoar from the bottom, we had a curiosity to see how
it

it appeared from the top; and dismounting, we contrived, by winding round the thickets, and clinging to the projections of the rocks, to get a dangerous peep down the abyfs. There was nothing picturesque in the view, but something immensely grand. We stood now above those two cheeks of the chasm, through which the water forced it's way; and which in the morning, when seen from the bottom, appeared towering to a great height, and were the most interesting parts of the view. But amidst the greatness of the objects, which now surrounded them they were totally lost; appearing less than warts upon those vast limbs of nature, to which they adhered.

In our passage through the valley of Waten-lath, we met with many fragments of rocks, in which the several component strata were very strongly marked. In some they could not have been more regularly formed by a rule and chissel: and in a few, (whose softer lamina the weather had decayed,) as perfect cornices remained, as art could have produced.

Having taken a view of all this scenery, and the evening beginning now to close, we thought it time to put a stop to our curiosity, and return to Keswick; from which we were about four miles distant. In the morning we rode along the edge of the lake: but as we were now upon the higher grounds, we were obliged to make a compass round the mountains.

These desolate grounds are very little inhabited. We heard of a design to introduce goats among them, with a view to make Keswick as celebrated for drinking goat's-whey, as several of the mountainous parts of Scotland. In some places indeed, where there are valuable woods, the goat might be a pernicious inmate. But in many places, as we rode, the bare and craggy sides of hills seemed capable of feeding nothing else. Frequent little plots of herbage grow every where among the rocks, inaccessible to any other animal. Even sheep on many of these sloping shelves could find no footing. All this pasturage
therefore

therefore is lost for want of goats to brouze it.

In a picturesque light, no ornament is more adapted to a mountainous, and rocky country, than these animals. Their colours are beautiful, (in those particularly of a darker hue) often playing into each other with great harmony. But among these animals, (as among all others) the pied are the most unpleasing; in which opposite colours come full upon each other, without any intervening tint.

The shagginess of the goat also is as beautiful, as the colours, which adorn him; his hair depending in that easy flow, which the pencil wishes to imitate.

His actions are still more pleasing. It would add new terror to a scene, to see an animal brouzing on the steep of a perpendicular rock; or hanging on the very edge of a projecting precipice. Virgil seems to have looked at these attitudes of terror with delight:

Ite, capellæ;
 Non ego vos posthac, viridi projectus in antro,
 Dumosâ pendere procul de rupe videbo.

S E C T. XV.

IN our rout to Borrodale, we passed through the eastern, and southern parts of that mountainous country, which bounds the lake of Derwent:—in our next expedition we proposed to view the western.

From Keswick we mounted the hills on the north-west of the lake; and, on the other side, fell into the valley of Newlands, which we traversed from end to end. It was a lovely scene, totally different from the rude vallies we had yet met with. The mountains, in general, on this side of the lake wear a smoother form, than those either on the east, or on the south. Of this smoothness of feature in the *higher* grounds the *lower* participate. The mountain vallies we had hitherto seen, were wild, rocky, and desolate. But here
the

the idea of terror was excluded. The valley of Newlands was even adorned with the beauties of luxuriant nature. We travelled through groves, which were sometimes open, and sometimes close; with a sparkling stream, the common attendant of these vallies, accompanying us, through the whole scene.

Having been amused with this sweet scenery about three miles, we entered another valley, or rather a mountain recess, called the valley of Gascadale. I call it a recess, because it is soon terminated by a mountain running athwart, which denies any further passage. Instead therefore of entering Gascadale, we were obliged to climb the hill, which forms one of it's sides: and from the summit, we had a view not only of Gascadale, but of many other mountain recesses, all which participate more or less, of the smoothness of the high grounds in their neighbourhood. Some of them were scooped, and hollowed into very beautiful forms; in which wood alone was wanting.

The valley of Gascadale had nothing to recommend it, but novelty. It was (a scene wholly

wholly new in this rugged country) a deep mountain recess, invironed on every side, except the entrance, by smooth, sloping hills, which are adorned neither with wood, nor rock, nor broken ground; but sweep down from side to side, with the greatest regularity. We scarce remembered to have seen in any place, an operation of nature more completely formal. At the head of this recess is a grand cascade. We supposed it to be no great object of beauty, as it was probably void of all accompaniments: but its poverty was hid beneath a veil. The clouds which were gathering upon the mountains, and sweeping along the valleys, began to intercept our view. Every thing was wrapped in obscurity. When we stood even on the summit of the cascade, we could only hear the torrent roar; but could not obtain the least glimpse of it, tho no object intervened. The whole valley of Gascadale smoaked like a boiling caldron; and we got our ideas of it only by catches, as the volumes of clouds dispersed, at intervals, into purer air.

But what we lost in one respect by the grossness of the atmosphere, we gained in another. Tho it is probable some views were
 obscured,

obscured, which might have pleased us; it is equally probable, that many of those disgusting features, with which we might have been presented, were softened, and rendered more agreeable to the eye.—Here indeed the misty hue was, in general, laid on with too full a pencil. The face of nature was rather blotted out, than obscured. The whole view was in that state, which Thomson so well describes :

——No more the mountain fills the eye
 With great variety; but in a night
 Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense,
 Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding wide
 The huge dusk gradual, swallows up the plain.
 Vanish the woods. The dim seen river seems
 Sullen and slow to rowl the misty wave.

Among the beautiful appearances of fogs, and mists, their *gradually going off* may be observed. A landscape takes a variety of pleasing hues, as it passes, in a retiring fog, through the different modes of obscurity into full splendor.

There

There is great beauty also in a fog's *partially clearing up at once*, as it often does; and presenting some distant piece of landscape under great radiance; when all the surrounding parts are still in obscurity. The curtain is not intirely drawn up; it is only just raised, to let in some beautiful, transient view; and perhaps falling again, while we admire, leaves us that ardent relish, which we have for pleasing objects suddenly removed.—Some very beautiful ideas of this kind were displayed on the summits of Gascadale. Tho the mountains around us, and the contracted vallies in our neighbourhood, were all so much absorbed in the dark atmosphere of clouds and vapours; we could discover, in catches, through their thinner skirts, the vale of Kefwick, at a distance, overspread with serenity and sunshine.

The mountain, over which we passed, is called, in the language of the country, a *hawse*, or stoppage, in passing from one district to another; the valley being closed, and no other way left. This *hawse*, tho not so steep as the mountain, which led us to Watenlath,
was

was of much longer continuance; and in some parts carried us very near the edges of precipices: but surrounded by fogs, we kept the path before us; and if there was danger, we seldom saw it.

As we began to descend, we breathed a purer air; and got a sight of the landscape before us. It was a scene, unlike what we had just passed; but only, as the botanist speaks, a variety of the same genus; corresponding intirely with the character of the country, which we now traversed. Three broad mountains, sloping into each other, formed a tripartite valley, centering in one point. The surface of each mountain was smooth to it's very summit; except that, here and there, a few large stones lay scattered about: some of them fixed in the soil; but none of them deserving the appellation of a rock. Through two of the divisions of this valley ran different streams; each of them as unfringed, and simple, as the mountains they severed. These streams uniting in the centre, formed a third. The whole was a peculiar and novel scene; but neither interesting, nor picturesque.

These

These smooth-coated mountains, tho of little estimation in the painter's eye, are however great sources of plenty. They are the nurseries of sheep; which are bred here, and fattened in the vallies.

But the life of a shepherd, in this country, is not an Arcadian life. His occupation subjects him to many difficulties, in the winter especially, when he is often obliged to attend his flock on the bleak side of a mountain, which engages him in many a painful vigil. And when the mountains are covered with snow, which is frequently the case, his employment becomes then a dangerous one. It seldom happens, but that some part of his flock is snowed up; and in preserving their lives, he must often expose his own.

After winding about two miles along the edge of one of these smooth mountains, we dropped at once into a beautiful vale, called the vale of Butmer, the bottom of which was adorned by a lake of the same name.

This

This lake is small; about a mile and a half in length, and half a mile in breadth; of an oblong form; sweeping, at one end, round a woody promontory. But this sweep is rather forced; and from some points makes too acute an angle. It is one of those lines, which would have a better effect from a boat*. A lower point would soften it's abruptness. In other parts also the lines of this lake are rather too square. The scenery however about it is grand, and beautiful.

On the western side, a long range of mountainous declivity extends from end to end; falling every where precipitately into the water, at least it had that appearance to the eye: tho on the spot probably a margin of meadow might shoot from the bottom of the mountain, as we observed at Kefwick. Of the line, which the summit of this mountain formed, we could not easily judge; as it was in a great measure hid in clouds.

The eastern side of the lake is woody; and contrasts happily with the western. But the wood is of that kind, which is periodically

* See page 96.

cut down, and was not in perfection, when we saw it.

Near the bottom of this lake, is the loftiest cascade we had ever seen. It hardly, I think, falls through a less descent than three or four hundred yards. But it is an object of no beauty; it is barren of accompaniments; and appears, at a distance, like a white ribbon bisecting the mountain. The people of the country, alluding to the whiteness of it's foam, call it *four-milk-force*.

The vale of Butmer is rather confined in that part, which the lake occupies. Below, it extends a considerable way: but our route led us first above, in quest of some rocky mountains, which are supposed to be the highest precipices in the country. These scenes, which are known by the name of *Gatesgarthdale*, open at the head of the lake.

Here we found two vallies, formed by a mountain on each side, and one in the middle. The right hand valley was soon closed by a *hawse*: that on the left led directly to the scenes we sought.

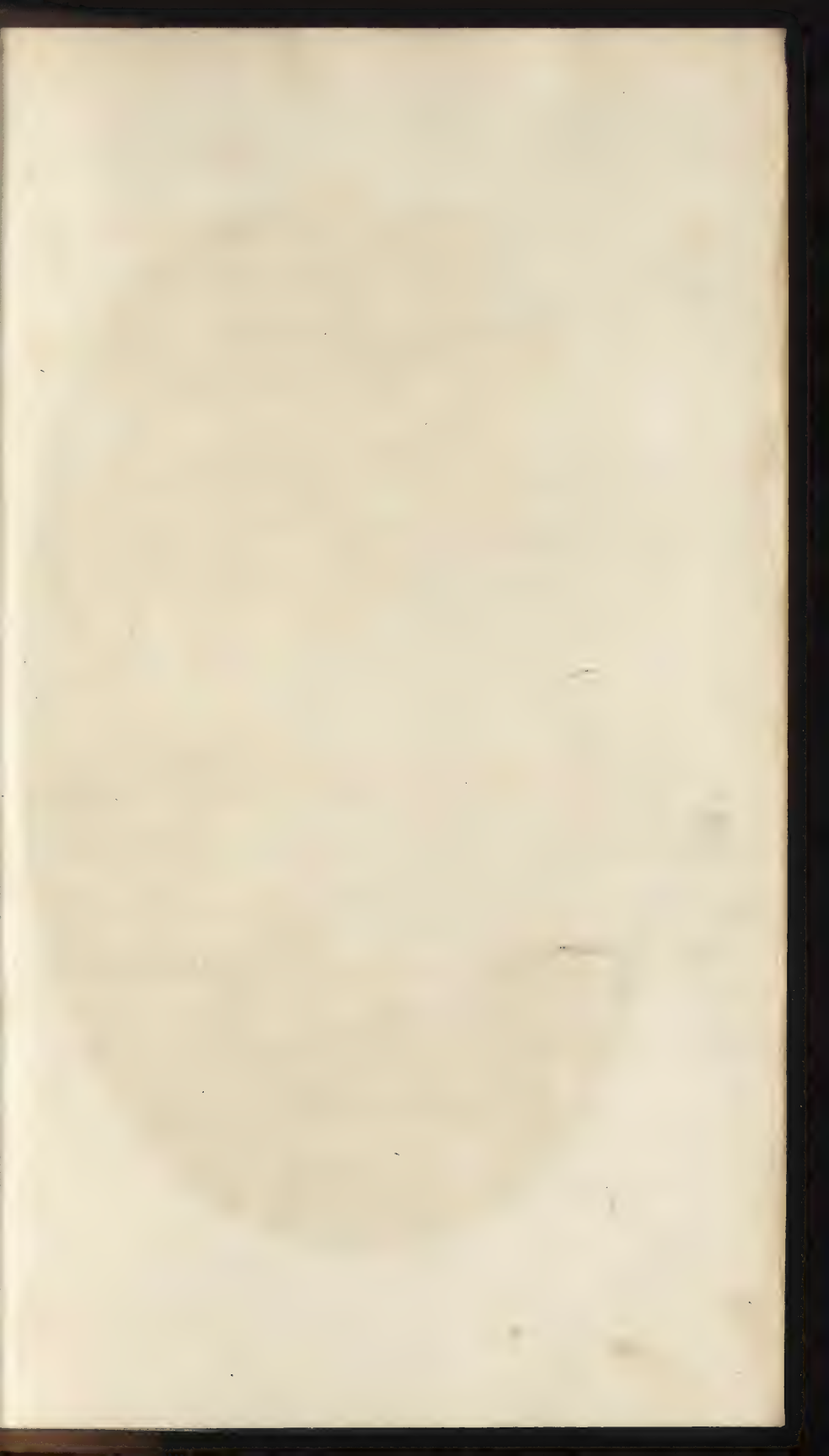
The transition here, contrary to the usual process of nature, is abrupt. We had been travelling, all the morning, among mountains

perfectly smooth, and covered with herbage; and now found ourselves suddenly among craggs and rocks, and precipices, as wild, and hideous, as any we had seen.

Gatefgarth-dale, into which we soon entered, is indeed a very tremendous scene. Like all the vallies we had yet found, it had a peculiar character. It's features were it's own. It was not a vista like the valley of Watenlath; nor had it any of the sudden turns of the valley of Borrodale: but it wound slowly, and solemnly in one large segment. It was wider also than either of those vallies; being at least half a quarter of a mile from side to side; which distance it pretty uniformly observed; the rocky mountains, which invironed it, keeping their line with great exactness; at least, never breaking out into any violent projections.

The area of this valley is, in general, concave; the sides almost perpendicular, composed of a kind of broken craggy rock, the ruins of which every where strew the valley; and give it still more the idea of desolation.

The





The river also, which runs through it, and is the principal supply of the lake, is as wild as the valley itself. It has no banks, but the fragments of rocks; no bed, but a channel composed of rocky strata, among which the water forces it's course. It's channel, as well as it's bank, is formed of loose stones, and fragments, which break, and divide the stream into a succession of wild, impetuous eddies.

A stream, which is the natural source of plenty, is perhaps when unaccompanied with verdure, the strongest emblem of desolation. It shews the spot to be so barren, that even the greatest source of abundance can produce nothing. The whole valley indeed joined in impressing the same idea. Fruitful nature, making in every part of her ample range, unremitting efforts to vegetate, could not here produce a single germin.

As we proceeded, the grandeur of the valley increased. We had been prepared indeed to see the highest precipices, which the country produced. Such a preface is generally productive of disappointment; but on this occasion it did no injury. The fancy had still it's scope. We found the mountains so over-hung with

clouds, that we could form little judgment of their height. Our guide told us, they were twice as high, as we could see: which however we did not believe from the observations we were able to make, as the clouds, at intervals, floated past; and discovered, here and there, the shadowy forms of the rocky summits. A great height however they certainly were; and the darkness, in which they were wrapped, gave us a new illustration of the grandeur of those ideas, which arise from obscurity. “Dark, confused, uncertain images, Mr. Burk very justly observes, have a greater power on the fancy to form the grander passions, than those, which are more clear, and determinate. For hardly any thing can strike the mind with it’s greatness, which does not make some sort of approach towards infinity; which nothing can do, whilst we are able to perceive it’s bounds: but to see an object distinctly, and to perceive it’s bounds, is one, and the same thing. A clear idea therefore is another name for a little idea*.”

* On the sublime, and beautiful. Part II. Sect. IV.

The middle of the valley is adorned, as these vallies, in some part, often are, by a craggy hill; on the top of which stands the fragment of a rock; that looks, in Ossian's language, like the *stone of power*—the rude deity of desolation, to which the scene is sacred.

This valley is not more than six miles from the black-lead mines; and would have led us to them, if we had pursued it's course.

Having travelled about three miles in this dreary scene; and having taken such a view, as we could obtain, of the bold inclosures, which contained it; we returned by the same rout we came, threading the valley, and skirting the lake along it's eastern coast, till we arrived at the bottom of it. Here we fell into a country very different from that we had left.

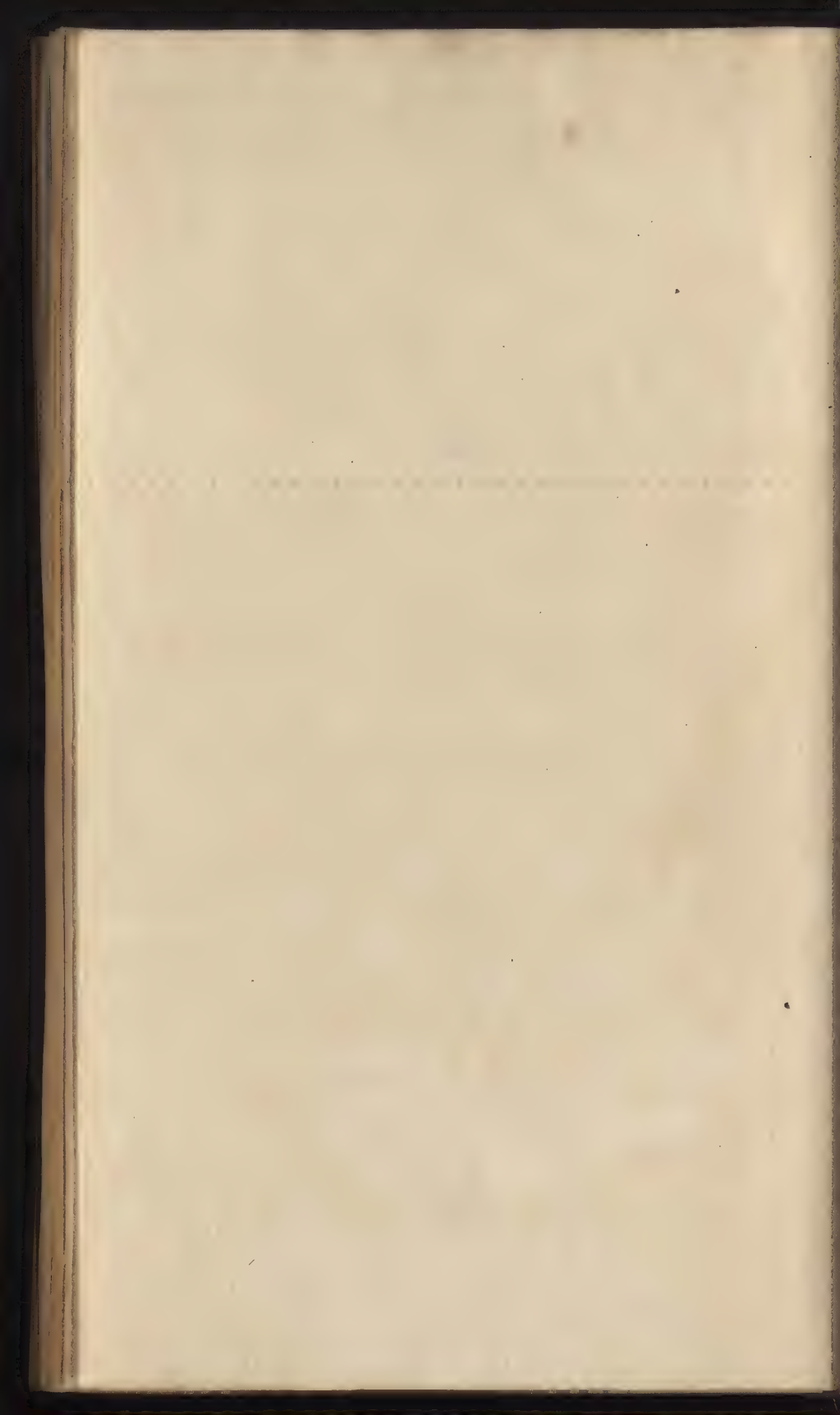
The vale of Butermer, which extends many miles below the lake, is a wide, variegated scene, full of rising and falling ground; woody
in

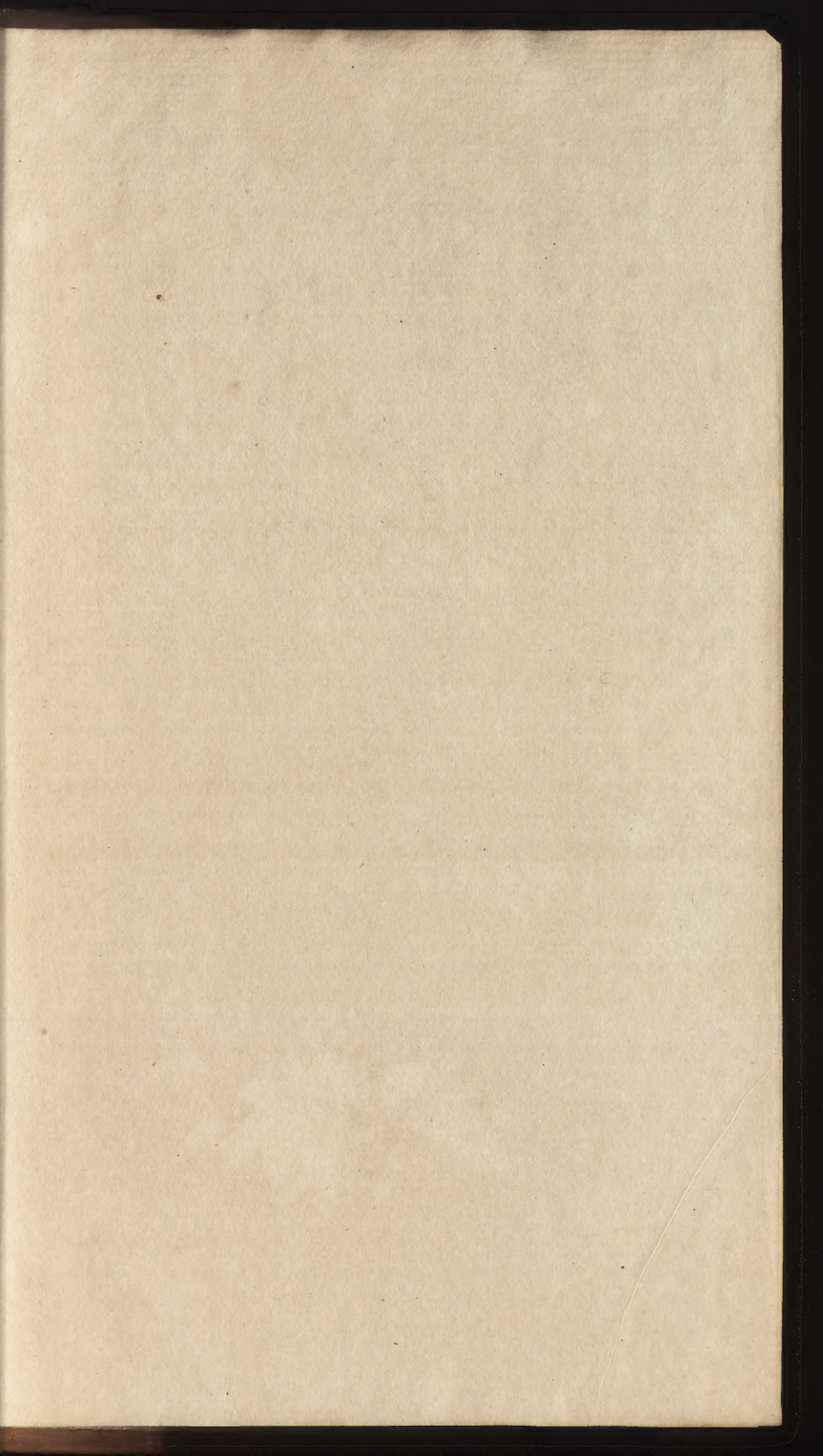
in many parts; well inhabited in some; fruitful, and luxuriant in all.

Here we found a village, where we made a luxurious repast, as usual, on eggs and milk; and met, in the chearful and healthy looks of the inhabitants, new proofs of the narrow limits, in which all the real wants of life are comprized.

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